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FAMOUS FEUDS, *by* John J. Ingalls

Conkling — Blaine — Lamar

ON THE eighteenth of June, 1879, the second debate of the extra session on the Army Bill was in progress in the Senate.

The Democratic majority was strenuously pressing the bill to its passage, with a clause prohibiting any expenditure of the appropriation for the payment of troops as police to keep the peace at the polls.

The Republican minority, foreseeing defeat, had resorted to filibustering, dilatory proceedings and motions to adjourn. Mr. Lamar took no part in the debate, although voting uniformly with his party.

During the morning hour, before the Army Bill was taken up for consideration, Lamar called up the bill to create a Mississippi River Commission, in which he was much interested, reported from the committee of which he was Chairman.

The consideration of this measure consumed the morning hour, and the time appointed for taking up the Army Bill as the special order arrived. Mr. Lamar suggested that the Commission Bill could be disposed of in a few minutes, and asked unanimous consent for that purpose.

Mr. Withers, of Virginia, who had the Army Bill in charge, had given notice that he would ask for a final vote before adjournment that day, and declined to consent to Mr. Lamar's request unless it was agreed that a vote on the Commission Bill should be taken without further discussion.

Mr. Allison suggested, "In a few minutes."

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Mr. Withers insisted upon his rights under the rules. Mr. Conkling asked if, notwithstanding unanimous consent was given to Mr. Lamar's request, the Senator from Virginia would insist upon a vote that day on the Army Bill. Mr. Withers replied that he would. Mr. Conkling then suggested that the Senator from Mississippi have unanimous consent to conclude the consideration of his bill, and if, when a reasonable hour of adjournment had been reached, there were Senators who wanted to be heard on the Army Bill, the vote should be postponed until the following day.

Mr. Withers insisted that it was important that a vote should be had that day. Mr. Conkling did not think this fair. Senator Gordon, of Georgia, explained that the Commission Bill would not take more than ten or fifteen minutes. Mr. Conkling then stated that, for himself, he would consent and trust to the other side of the chamber, when the ordinary hour of adjournment was reached, that if any Senator desired to be heard he should not be cut off or pushed into the night.

Mr. Withers here interrupted and said: "The Senator must not trust to my courtesy in the matter, if he alludes to me."

Mr. Conkling retorted with contemptuous irony: "I did not indicate the Senator from Virginia as one to whose courtesy I would trust."

After further desultory discussion, Mr. Lamar limited his request to twenty minutes, and at last unanimous consent was given. The bill was quickly disposed of and the Army Bill was immediately taken up.

The Legislative session was prolonged until noon of June 19. Late in the sitting—it must have been about midnight—a wrangle occurred between Senators Blaine and Saulsbury, in which the latter charged the former and his party with obstructing legislation.

At this juncture Senator Conkling arose and referred to Mr. Lamar's request of that morning, and said that he had given his consent, relying on the courtesy of Democratic Senators that the final vote would not be pressed on the Army Bill that day.

He continued: "Looking to that side I received a nod, not from one, not from two, not from three, but from five Democratic Senators."

Upon these assurances he had offered a motion to adjourn, assuming that there would be no objection.

He concluded by saying: "The Senator from Virginia rose with such a disclaimer as he had a right to make in order that he might keep within the bounds of his instructions from the committee; but when I heard every Democratic Senator vote to commit such an outrage as that upon the minority of this body and upon the Senator from Wisconsin, I do not deny that I felt my full share of indignation; and during this evening, Mr. President, I wish to

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John J. Ingalls

assume all my own responsibility, and so much more as any Republican Senator feels irksome to him for what has taken place. I have endeavored to show this proud and domineering majority—determined, apparently, to ride roughshod over the rights of the minority—that they can not and they should not do it. But I am ready to be deemed responsible in advance for the assurance that while I remain a member of this body, and, at all events, until we have a previous question, no minority shall be gagged down or throttled or insulted by such a proceeding as this. I say, Mr. President, and I measure my expression, that it was an act not only insulting, but an act of bad faith. I mean that."

It would be quite difficult to exaggerate the air of elaborate and haughty insolence with which this arraignment and threat was delivered. The concentrated and sonorous contempt of his denunciation of the majority, the bitter scorn of his contumelious epithets passed all bounds. It was unparliamentary and beyond the limits of debate, but he was not called to order.

It gave Mr. Lamar the opportunity for which he had been waiting so long. He rose to a personal statement and said:

"I am not aware of anything that occurred which would produce such an impression. If I had, although I would not have been instrumental consciously in producing such an impression, I should have felt myself bound by it, and would have made the motion for an adjournment, in order to give the Senator from Wisconsin an opportunity to discuss this bill.

"With reference to the charge of bad faith that the Senator from New York has intimated toward those of us who have been engaged in opposing these motions to adjourn, I have only to say that if I am not superior to such attacks, from such a source, I have lived in vain. It is not my habit to indulge in personalities; but I desire to say here to the Senator, that in intimating anything inconsistent, as he has done, with perfect good faith, I pronounce his statement a falsehood, which I repel with all the unmitigated contempt that I feel for the author of it."

This was a solar-plexus blow. Mr. Conkling had contributed much to the acrimony and exasperation of the time. His attitude toward the Southern Democracy had been that of unrelenting severity. He was aggressively radical. He advocated drastic measures for the protection of the negro and the assertion of the national authority. His manner was often offensively dictatorial and domineering. He trampled on the sensibilities of his adversaries like a rhinoceros crashing through a tropical jungle. They grew restive, and there were subterranean rumors from time to time that they had it in for Conkling and intended to do him up at the earliest opportunity

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In the code of honor, so-called, to give the lie is equivalent to a blow. It is the supreme verbal affront, and can be expiated only by blood. It is the intolerable stigma. The man who is branded as a liar publicly is in a *cul-de-sac*. He can go no further. He must wear the epithet or fight. To bite the thumb, or thrust out the tongue and say "*In quoque*," does not shift the burden of dishonor in the estimation of gentlemen.

For the first time in the six years that I had known him Conkling was, figuratively speaking, knocked out. Accustomed to obsequious adulation which had swollen his egregious vanity to the point of tumefaction, his habitual attitude was that of supercilious disdain.

He was by far the most picturesque and commanding figure of an historic epoch.

His self-consciousness was inordinate, but justified by a magnificent presence, by the possession of extraordinary intellectual gifts, by national reputation, and the devotion of a great constituency.

In the Senate he had no rivals. No one challenged him. If any differed with him it was with deference, almost with timidity. He seemed indifferent alike to approbation or censure. Like Wolsey, he was

> "Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
> To those men that sought him, sweet as summer."

That this Alcibiades of Republicanism should be called a liar and denounced as an object of unmitigated contempt in the forum of his most imposing triumphs, before crowded galleries, by a "Confederate Brigadier," was an indignity that seemed incredible. Had a dynamite bomb exploded in the gangway of the brilliantly lighted chamber the consternation could hardly have been more bewildering.

Instantaneous silence befell. The gasping spectators held their breath. Mr. Conkling acted like one stunned. He

Editor's Note—This is the first paper in a series of political reminiscences which Ex-Senator Ingalls has written especially for The Saturday Evening Post.

became pallid and then flushed again. His disconcertion was extreme. He hesitated and floundered pitiably. He pretended at first not to have heard the insult, and asked Lamar in effect to repeat it.

He said: "Mr. President, I was diverted during the commencement of a remark the culmination of which I heard from the member from Mississippi. If I understood him aright, he intended to impute, and did, in plain and unparliamentary language, impute to me an intentional misstatement. The Senator does not disclaim that?"

Mr. Lamar: "I will state what I intended so that there may be no mistake——"

The Presiding Officer: "Does the Senator from New York yield?"

Mr. Lamar: "All that I——"

The Presiding Officer: "Does the Senator from New York yield to the Senator from Mississippi?"

Mr. Lamar: "He appealed to me to know, and I will give——"

The Presiding Officer: "The Senator from New York has the floor. Does he yield to the Senator from Mississippi?"

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As he had asked Lamar a question which that Senator was endeavoring to answer, the interrogations of the Chair seemed superfluous, but they afforded time for reflection, and at last Mr. Conkling said: "I am willing to respond to the Chair. I shall respond to the Chair in due time. Whether I am willing to respond to the member from Mississippi depends entirely upon what that member intends to say, and what he did say. For the time being I do not choose to hold any communication with him. The Chair understands me now; I will proceed.

"I understood the Senator from Mississippi to state in plain and unparliamentary language that the statement of mine to which he referred was a falsehood, if I caught his word aright. Mr. President, this not being the place to measure with any man the capacity to violate decency, to violate the rules of the Senate, or to commit any of the improprieties of life, I have only to say that if the Senator—the member from Mississippi—did impute, or intended to impute, to me a falsehood, nothing except the fact that this is the Senate would prevent my denouncing him as a blackguard and a coward." (Applause in the galleries.)

The Presiding Officer: "There should be no cheering in the galleries. If there shall be any more, the Chair will order the galleries to be cleared. The Senator from New York will proceed."

Mr. Conkling: "Let me be more specific, Mr. President. Should the member from Mississippi, except in the presence of the Senate, charge me by intimation or otherwise with falsehood, I would denounce him as a blackguard, as a coward and a liar; and understanding what he said as I have, the rules and the proprieties of the Senate are the only restraint upon me. I do not think I need say anything else, Mr. President."

Mr. Lamar concluded: "I have only to say that the Senator from New York understood me correctly. I did mean to say just precisely the words, and all that they imported. I beg pardon of the Senate for the unparliamentary language. It was very harsh; it was very severe; *it was such as no good man would deserve and no brave man would wear!*"

Mr. Conkling never seemed quite the same afterward. His prestige was gone. His enemies—and they were many—exulted in his discomfiture. Two years later he resigned his seat in the Senate, and his life afterward was a prolonged monologue of despair. To-day he is a splendid reminiscence. To the next generation his fame will be a tradition.

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But of all the feuds of the century, the most far-reaching in its tragic consequences was the political duel between Conkling and Blaine, which began with their appearance in Congress and ended only with their lives. They were rivals and foes from the start. Of about the same age, they both aspired to leadership, but in temperament and intellectual habits they had nothing in common. They were altogether the most striking personalities of their generation. They were enemies by instinct. Their hostility was automatic.

Their first altercation occurred April 30, 1866, in a debate on the charges against Provost-Marshal General Fry, in which it was alleged that Mr. Conkling, while a member of Congress, had taken a fee of $3000 as a Judge-Advocate.

During the discussion, which was extremely sensational, Mr. Blaine said: "I do not happen to possess the volubility of the gentleman from the Utica district. It took him thirty minutes the other day to explain that an alteration in the reporter's notes for the Globe was no alteration at all; and I do not think that he convinced the House after all. And it has taken him an hour to-day to explain that while he and General Fry have been at swords'-points for a year there has been no difficulty at all between them. The gentleman from New York has attempted to pass off his appearance in this case as simply the appearance of counsel. I want to read again for the information of the House the appointment under which the gentleman from New York appeared as the prosecutor on the part of the Government."

Mr. Conkling replied that no commission had been issued to him by the Judge-Advocate General.

Mr. Blaine interrupted, and the Speaker inquired: "Does the gentleman from New York yield to the gentleman from Maine?"

To this Mr. Conkling savagely answered: "No, sir; I do not wish to have anything to do with the gentleman from Maine, not even so much as to yield him the floor."

"All right," said Mr. Blaine; and Mr. Conkling resumed and presently said:

"One thing further: if the member from Maine had the least idea how profoundly indifferent I am to his opinion upon the subject which he has been discussing, or upon any other subject personal to me, I think he would hardly take the trouble to rise here and express his opinion."

As soon as he obtained the floor Mr. Blaine responded: "As to the gentleman's cruel sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is so wilting; his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent, overpowering, turkey-gobbler strut has been so crushing to myself and all the members of this House, that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him. But, sir, I know who is responsible for all this. I know that within the last five weeks, as members of the House will recollect, an extra strut has characterized the gentleman's bearing. It is not his fault. It is the fault of another. That gifted and satirical writer, Theodore Tilton, of the New York Independent, spent some weeks recently in this city. His letters published in that paper embraced, with many serious statements, a little jocose satire, a part of which was the statement that the mantle of the late Winter Davis had fallen upon the member from New York. The gentleman took it seriously, and it has given his strut additional pomposity. It is striking. Hyperion to a satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dunghill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a roaring lion. Shade of the mighty Davis, forgive the almost profanation of that jocose satire!"

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Conkling was a good hater who neither forgave nor forgot. He never spoke to Blaine afterward, nor recognized his existence. The turkey-gobbler strut and the Hyperion curl stuck to him and became the staples of the cartoonists. Mutual friends endeavored to bring about a meeting and reconciliation in the campaign of 1884, but in reply to the request that he should make one speech for Blaine, who was the Republican candidate, Conkling replied, with diabolical sarcasm, that he had given up criminal practice!

Froude, in his Life of Cæsar, says that the quarrels of political leaders have always given direction to the current of history.

Conkling's implacable hatred defeated the nomination of Blaine in '76, and his election in '87. Indirectly it caused the death of Garfield, and prevented the renomination of Arthur, whom he described as "the prize ox in American politics."

The chief actors in this stupendous drama have all crossed the frontier of the dark kingdom. After life's fitful fever, they sleep well or ill: but whether well or ill, they sleep. They played mighty parts. They appealed to the passions of a majestic audience. The curtain has fallen. The lights are out. The orchestra has gone, and upon another stage we have the continuous performance, vaudeville and marionettes.

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The Little HOUSE in the Little Street where the SUN never came — By John Luther Long

Presently a girl came hurrying from the printing-house and into the car

DEARLY BELOVED: My text this morning is the Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal!"

In the illumination of this theme I shall follow the custom you have so considerately permitted me, of choosing my own best means. I choose this morning to tell you a story. It is not the first time I have done this, and I offer no apology for doing it now. It is the way of the Scriptures—and of the Great Teacher.

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But this is not a parable; it is an experience. I could not invent a parable so well calculated to teach the baleful consequences of evil—even though repented of—even though expiated. My story is of a convict in the County Prison. He has long been preaching to you through me. He is a better preacher than I, and has saved more souls. Yet—his story is not a pleasant one.

He is only a number to the keepers of the prison. His age is twenty-three. His hair is gray, and he stoops; yet his face is, to me, very beautiful. It is pale with the pallor of the prison, but his eyes are very blue in the midst of it, and his mouth is fine and boyish. There are little curls of beard on his face which remind me sometimes of the portraits of John the Baptist.

A few years ago he was a loafer on Alaska Street. A singer of songs in its saloons. Some of you don't even know where that is. He was a thief. His father was a thief before him—and both were proud of it. It was their heredity, as yours is something else. Remember, it was Alaska Street. At ten he had a title—"The Baby Cracksman." At fourteen he was in the Rogues' Gallery at City Hall; another and greater distinction. And yet he had a mother. And she was gentle—for Alaska Street. Some one had converted her, and she had tried to convert her husband and son. They laughed at her—in good enough nature—and remained away from her a little more.

One day they brought Con—that is his name—up from the prison to see his mother die. It was only a few minutes they let him remain, but in that little time two things happened. Con discovered that he loved his mother, and I learned to know him. I had heard of him, and was surprised at the laughing, boyish innocence of his face.

"Con," said his mother, "I think I'm—going to Heaven."

"Yes," said Con, who had no doubt of it.

"And I'll—I'll——" She wanted to fix something in his mind that would lead him to goodness.

"And I'll wait for you at the gate."

It was the refrain of a Sunday-school song.

"Did—did—don't," gasped Con in terror. He had never dreamed of going to Heaven. "It's no use."

"Promise that you will meet me—at the gate!" pleaded the mother.

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Con's eyes appealed to me.

"Promise!" I said.

"You would never break your promise—to me," said the mother, putting her hand on Con's.

"I promise," said Con.

Con pointed out to me that his mother's face after death was joyous.

"Because of your promise," I said.

"Do you think so?" asked Con, with awe and terror together in his own face.

"Yes," I said.

"Then—then I'll *have* to do it," the boy answered. For a moment his mind flew back and forth over his life, trying to understand what it meant. Then he said with a gasp:

"Do you think I kin do it?"

"I think you can," I said. "I will help you."

"Give me your hand on it."

It is not an easy road from the slums to the church—from the company of thieves to that of Christians. None of us have ever traveled one so difficult. And then Con had the misfortune to come first at those terrible passages of denunciation in which the Scriptures abound. One night I found him prone upon the floor trying to read by the light of a small candle.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Trying to find the way, sir," Con answered.

"And how do you succeed?"

"Can't find it; there is none—for me. Listen: 'The wicked shall be turned into hell.'"

I took the book. "'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow,'" I read.

"Why, where did you find *that?*" asked Con.

I showed him.

"Any more like it?"

I showed him other passages of that kind.

But then I thought it best to let him search the Scriptures himself. And he did. When I came again he had found the story of the Atonement.

"I understand now," Con said, "and it's all right."

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I finally secured him employment in the stables of the City Traction Company. It was the meanest and lowest thing they had to do. But Con was glad to get it. He said he liked the work in the stable. And when I asked him why, he answered:

"*Somebody* was born in a stable."

By slow stages he worked upward until he became a conductor. Often I rode with him. Often I watched him. He was handling the money which had tempted him down there in Alaska Street. One day I noticed that he rung up certain fares which did not appear to have been paid. I took him to the back platform and demanded an explanation.

"It takes a long time to git a character," sighed Con.

I pressed my inquiry.

"How many people in the car?" he asked.

"Twenty-two," I counted.

"How many on the dial?"

"Twenty-two," I said again.

He pulled the receipts out of his pocket. "Should be a dollar ten," he said as we counted.

"A dollar fifteen," he laughed; "a mistake in favor of the Company."

Still I was not satisfied.

"Then, Con," I said, "it looks as if some one paid and got off and you did not ring up."

Then Con became serious.

"I *am* a little careless about my own money, sometimes, but not about that of the Company. Sometimes——" he hesitated, but I made him go on—"sometimes, when some poor washerwoman gits on I pay her fare. My mother was a washerwoman. And the little poor kids—sometimes I pay the fares for the little poor kids—the kind that look as if they didn't git enough to eat."

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But a strange thing happened from this. Con's car came to be patronized by washerwomen and poor children almost exclusively, and well-dressed people avoided it, and complained to the Company. And the receipts fell to almost nothing. We did not think at the time of the danger of this. Indeed, to Con it was a very joyous fact. The people he liked best and who liked him best were his passengers.

Suddenly Con was one day transferred from the day to the night line. It was at about the time that I began my service at the Midnight Mission in Spruce Street. I therefore used to ride home with Con several nights a week. On my first night Con stopped at a large printing-house on Market Street and waited. It was his first up trip—a quarter past twelve. I asked him what he was waiting for.

"You'll see in a minute," he laughed.

Presently a girl came hurrying from the printing-house and into the car.

After this had happened a number of times I asked Con if he knew the girl.

"No," he said, "but I like to be kind to her. They took my washerwomen and kids from me, and I've got to be kind to some one."

"Con," I asked, "have you ever been in love?"

Con laughed and shook his head.

"Wouldn't know it if I saw it," he said.

However, the waiting continued, and presently Con took courage to say, when she approached:

"Going up?"

Perhaps the girl suspected that it was only a clumsy device for conversation, for at first she would only smile.

But one night she answered him with a soft "Yes." She seemed ashamed to have been betrayed by his useless question at last, but after that she always gave him a "Yes" for his "Going up?"

For a long time that was all. But then, on a cold night, Con got down and helped her on. He remarked as he did so:

"Cold!"

"Yes—it *is*—cold," answered the surprised girl.

On another night Con said: "You walk like you was tired to-night."

"Yes," confessed the girl with a flush; "I am tired. Don't *you* never git tired?"

"Y—yes," said Con, confused by so much graciousness, "bib—bib—but never on this trip!"

Then he fled to me on the platform.

The girl's eyes followed Con out in some wonder of him, then we could see her pull her thin wrap about her and gently fall asleep. And somehow as she slept the hollows in her cheeks disappeared and they became rosy. I was surprised at her wan and pathetic beauty. Con saw as much of this as I did—perhaps more.

"She's handsome," said he.

"She's beautiful," said I.

"But that cough——" said Con. "Do you think she'd mind if I sneaked in and put my overcoat on her?"

"It would keep her warm," I said.

He did it and came happily back to me.

"Don't catch cold yourself," I admonished. "Go inside."

Con caught my arm as I was about to precede him.

"You'll wake her," he said.

We saw an added glow come into the tired face, and unconsciously she pulled the coat closer.

Con was in ecstasy. He told the motorman to go carefully at the curves and over switches.

As we approached the little street where she lived he stole in and recovered his overcoat. Then he retreated to the platform and called officially the name of the street.

"I—I must 'a' slep'," smiled the girl as she came forth. "I feel rested—and *warm*."

"Mind the car," whispered Con; "I'm going up the little street with her."

The girl was inclined to be rebellious, but Con drew her arm within his own and carried her off like a conqueror.

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One night when we three were again alone, Con left me, as he mysteriously said, to go inside to 'tend to his lamps. I did not see how they could be brought to greater brightness. But on his way out he sat down for a moment beside the girl, and I understood what "'tending to the lamps" meant.

"You're not very strong," began Con.

"No," confessed the girl.

"You oughtn't to work so hard—anyhow, at night."

"I got to," sighed the girl.

"Why you got to?"

The girl looked up in mild surprise. Con was noting the bones at her thin wrists. He repeated his question doggedly.

"Mother's a cripple," said the girl.

"Don't your father earn nothing?"

Shame flew into the girl's thin face. Her head drooped. She was silent.

"Say—what does your father——"

Con's voice rose angrily, and the girl gasped. He repeated his question.

"I—never—had no father," she said then.

Con's face went white. I saw his hands grip each other. The girl's head went a little lower. Con rose to his feet.

"Say," he said hoarsely, "I—I like you."

The girl slowly shook her head.

"I *like* you!" repeated Con.

The girl made no motion, and he came to me on the platform.

"Say, you ast me once if I was ever in love; well, I'm in love now, I expect. Ain't it love when you'd die for—for her?"

For Con there was not even an advocate

He pointed into the car.

"Yes, Con, that is love," I said; "and I'm glad of it."

That night he took her up the little street again. And she did not object to it.

One night Mary (that was her name) did not appear at a quarter after twelve. It was in the early spring. We waited fifteen minutes. Then I insisted that Con should go on.

"You will be reported for such unusual delay," I said.

He was immovable.

At last I volunteered to go in and see what was the matter. She had not been there that day.

"Will you do me a favor?" Con asked. "Come along to the little house and see whether she's—she's—sick."

I hurt Con by refusing to go that night, but promised to go on the third night following if she did not appear. I kept away from him in the meantime. When I got on his car he was in a state of great excitement. He had not seen Mary.

We went to the little house.

A small, lame woman opened the door to us. She stared a moment with the tired eyes of the watcher, and then said:

"Good-evening."

There was something deprecatingly pretty about her.

Con spoke up avidly: "I jist got off duty—ma'am—a little while—I'm on the night line now—and I missed her, ma'am, I missed her—and I'd like to know if she's—if there's anything the matter—I—because I missed her."

"Mary?" asked the little woman warily.

"Yes—yessum—Mary——"

"She is sick."

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Con swayed unsteadily upon the doorstep. The little watcher began cautiously to close the door.

"Wait, wait—jist a minute," begged Con, holding the door open. "This is Mr. Burton. He's a minister. And I'm Con. She's told you about us, I expect?"

The little woman said "No."

"Ain't she told you about—*me?*"

Another negative.

I interposed with an explanation for Con, and the request that he be permitted to see her.

"I am very sorry," said the mother, "but she must not see anybody. That is the doctor's orders."

"But, ma'am, I must see her—*must!*" cried Con. "I kin make her well—I *kin!*"

Con was growing vociferous in his grief. He did not seem likely to gain admission that way.

"Madam," I said, "I think it will do your daughter good to see Con. I am sure it will do her no harm. Kindly ask her if she will see us. If she will not, we will go away at once."

Con grasped that hope.

"Yes," he whispered; "ast her—jist ast *her!*"

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Of course she would see us! I heard her explaining from the next room that she did not think either of us cared. And then while we waited I heard them make her pretty for us. And I fancied the pretty pink changes in her delicate face I had learned to know. And when presently the mother returned, with lightened feet, I prayed that love might enter to her daughter as he had once entered to her—and that he might not depart so quickly.

Mary held out her wasted hands to Con and he took them greedily, gasping:

"Mary—oh, Mary—I missed you so!"

And it had been only three days!

With a woman's intuition she understood it all, and pulled him down and kissed him.

Con was taken by surprise and bolted.

"Why, I thought—once you said you liked me—and then you missed me—and you came here—I thought——"

She thought no more. For Con swooped upon her and kissed her eyes and hair and mouth.

"Con," confessed the girl hoarsely, "I *wished* you'd miss me. Wishing makes things happen, you know."

"I missed you without that," said Con.

"That makes me glad," breathed the girl, "but——"

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She stopped and compassionately stroked his face.

"When'll you be ready to go up with us again?" asked Con.

"Poor Con!" She put her arms about his neck longingly.

Con understood. He staggered chokingly up. The parcel he had carried all the way uncovered.

"Look here!"

He shouted it in the high treble of agony as he thrust them upon her—two dozen costly roses.

The sick girl gave a moan of pleasure as she buried her face in them. "Oh, Con!" was all she could say. And as she plunged her face again and again into them, taking their fragrance with rapturous breaths, that was all she could repeat: "Oh, Con!"

But the choking had passed from Con, and he was a man again.

"Con," said the girl presently, "I'd rather have these than anything you could bring me. Mine all died, you know."

Con whimsically pretended to want them back.

"There was something else I wanted to give you. But if you'd rather have those than—anything——"

"Something else? But what? Why, these must have cost——"

She paused, appalled.

"A month's wages," laughed Con. "But the other thing didn't cost—or at least ain't worth a cent—and you don't want it!"

"What is it, Con?" asked the wondering girl. "Let me have it. Yes, I want it."

"It's myself."

For a moment the girl only stared. Then she rose on her elbow in the bed.

"But, Con——"

Con half put an arm about her.

"I'll be spending my money all the time for foolishness if you don't let me use it to take keer of your ma and you."

"It is enough—to be happy 'most a year, don't you think?"

"But, Con——" said Mary again, with that fierce light of unbelieving joy in her eyes.

"Oh, I could do it," Con went on misunderstandingly. "We wouldn't be to say *rich*. But you'd be comfortable and I'd be happy—mighty happy."

Mary crept upon his arm.

"Con, *Con*, do you mean that you want to *marry* me?"

"Yes; I'm in love with you. Ain't I in love with her?" he asked me.

"But—oh, *Con;* I'm dying!"

Con conquered the choking and enveloped her with his arms. "No," he said strongly and calmly. "God won't take you from me. He never gave me much, and He'll give me you. Won't He, Mr. Burton?"

"I believe He will, Con," I said.

"I believe it, too, Con," said the girl. "Somehow I feel it inside."

I married them that night.

•

Mary was always fragile. But with the Sundays in the Park, sufficient food and clothing, rest, content, she seemed to be getting better all the time. But, I think, she was only happier. They planned avidly for their happiness, as if otherwise some moment of it might be overlooked and lost. But the most curious of their plans were for its ending.

"I want to die first, Con," said Mary. "I wouldn't want to live without you."

"Well, how about me living without you?" Con would object.

"Oh, you're bigger'n me, Con," his wife would laugh. "Anyway, I'll be ugly when I git old. Then you'd stop liking me."

"You'd feel kind of strange up there without no parents or friends. I'll go first and stand at the gate with my mother and watch for you," urged her husband.

"I'd know your mother, Con, from you. And I'll look out for her. Then we could wait for you! Wouldn't that be nice?" She leaned over and whispered so that I might not hear. "Con, if we have—when we have—the *baby*, I'll leave you that—for comfort, *Con!*"

Con gathered her into his arms with rapture.

"All nonsense," he chided. "We both goin' to be old—old—old! Then God's going to let us go together. That often happens to very old people. Sh! I'm a-goin' to sing you to sleep!"

And then his marvelous voice would rise in

"Jesus, lover of my soul!
Let me to Thy bosom fly——"

for it was that nearly always.

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Then I missed Con from his car, and at the Company's office they told me he was in prison for stealing. I went to the prison.

"Con," I said, "I want only your word. Tell me whether you have done anything wrong?"

"Will *you* take my word?" asked the boy. "*They* wouldn't."

"I want nothing but your word," I said.

"I have done nothing wrong since my mother died."

I believed him. I do still.

"Tell Mary," he begged, "that I am innocent. They can't convict an innocent man—I will soon be home—tell her that!"

"She does not need to be told that you are innocent," I said; "but I will go and comfort her."

But I did not tell her that Con would soon be home.

And again there was that light in the upper window of the little house in the little street where the sun never came. Again there was watching there—now for him who was to come no more.

You will scarcely understand how grim and brief and passionless was his trial. It seemed impossible that the Judges should not know that the tragedy of this young life was going on before them to a hopeless end—nay, that the tragedy of those other lives in the little sunless house was going on to a hopeless end.

Hell itself is not more grim and implacable than the thing we have created and called Law—than the men we have set over us and called Judges! Sometimes we even call them Justices—who do injustice. Oh! better indeed that a thousand guilty escape than that one suffer innocently. For with him humanity—the world—suffers, and justice, which is of God alone, becomes a Hecate. Ah, perhaps it is true that laws are made for the poor and *law* for the rich. For Con there was not even an advocate. Alas! we both thought that innocence needed none!

"Con," I said, "be not afraid. He careth for you."

The boy lifted up from his travail a face almost glorified.

"I am not," he answered with a wan smile. "I have my mother's Book in my breast, here."

And, indeed, it did not seem as if he need to be afraid. There stood an array of his washerwomen—all his friends. There were the children he loved and who loved him.

But the former were made to tell that they paid no fares, and the latter that the good conductor gave them money out of the pocket where the much money was.

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The jury laughed here, and the trial might have ended. But the children were cajoled into telling with their little raptures about the lovely little lady who lived up the alley.

"Of course," smiled the District Attorney to the jury; "always a confederate."

"Used to work, didn't she? And gave up her work after she met the conductor?"

Yes, the little children said, and told besides about her beautiful clothes afterward.

Again the jury and the prosecutor exchanged smiles.

Then came the informers who had traveled with my poor Con and noted all his acts of kindness but to make of them crimes. Oh! I did not know till then that kindness and mercy and sweetness could be so perilous!

And even I who tried to help him was made to tell of that life in Alaska Street, but not permitted to tell of the other.

I said that Con was married to Mary. It made them laugh—I do not know why. To be married to her seemed all the worse for him. I said that Con paid the fares of the washerwomen and children—unknown to them.

"Did you ever see him do it?" asked the prosecutor.

I had to say that I never had. But that Con told me so and I believed him.

"You, a minister of the Gospel, believed an often-convicted thief, whose picture is in the Rogues' Gallery?"

"Yes," I answered; "I, knowing all that better than you, yet believe every word he said!"

"Why?" smiled the officer of the law.

"Because he is a servant of the Most High God," I answered.

Then came Con's story in his own behalf. And what a broken, pitiable, discreditable story it was! Every little fact about that other life he told with fearful truth. But about his new life they made him stand mute.

The jury found him guilty without leaving their seats, and the Court sentenced him and turned with relief to other business.

So Con was taken back to the prison he had said, with God's help, he would enter no more. The kind Warden remembered that, and when he came he put his arm caressingly over the boy's shoulder and said:

"They ought to have given you a chance, Con."

To me the Warden said:

"There is something different in his face this time. We learn to read faces here. There is something different in his face."

"And in his heart," said I. "We learn to read hearts, and there is something different in his heart. Be kind to the boy, and God will be kind to you. For he ought not to have come here this time."

As the iron door clanged to behind him Con said:

"Tell Mary—I'm—I'm—disappointed."

Those two words characterized the grim tragedy of his young life. His quivering face spoke the rest. Always it will speak to me when I am impatient with wrong.

•

Con languished in that prison, where before he had grown fat. *He made shoes, and they tell me they were good shoes*—as was everything else he did good. But after a while a strange and solemn peace came and dwelt in his face. And not a soul in the prison but loved the boy. At first I did not understand it. But one day Con told me. He knew now, he said, why God had let that jury convict him. There was a work for him to do in the prison. And I was only too glad to say yes—yes—yes!

He began his work with that marvelous voice. And that, too, like his changed face, grew richly and divinely sweet and caressing. It seems to me that I have never heard its equal. It was something more than human. I cannot describe it. It sang of that past of the slums—of his vain redemption, of the little sunless house, and yet of hope, of promise, of God—and Heaven!

First he sang one night when the prison slept. The Warden tiptoed to his door to say that it was against the rules. But he also said he was sorry—and the rule was soon broken. For the Warden told the Inspectors that when Con sang the prison needed no guards. So every night he sang when the lights were taken away. And this was all the gentleness some of the prisoners had ever known.

Later they brought him out to stand on the high bridge between the tiers of cells and sing at the Sunday services.

It was not strange to me that Con came to minister to them, after a while, in a fashion the Chaplain could not. For he was one of them. He had sinned and suffered as they had. He understood. And they loved him. Truly he bore their griefs and carried their sorrows, even to the grim scaffold which stood now and then in the lower corridor, veiled from the world.

Last Monday Mary sent for me. She was dying.

"And Con, even if he were here, could not save me—*now*," she smiled up at me.

I sent a mounted officer galloping with a note to the kind Warden, and the officer brought Con up with him.

Mary heard the noise at the door and understood. She reached out and pressed my hand.

"Yes," I said, "it is Con."

"Yes—God bless you——"

And then Con entered. But not the impetuous Con who had come at such a crisis before. There was something of the saint in his bearing, yet something infinitely more like a lover than before. He put himself within Mary's outstretched arms and looked long and silently into her face. She looked into his. They needed nothing more. They had not met for nearly a year.

"Con," whispered Mary, "last night I dreamed that you stopped for me and said in the old, old way: 'Going up?'"

"Yes," whispered Con.

"Do you remember?"

"Yes."

"You can't save me *now*, Con—not even your love can."

"No," said Con.

"And I'm so glad!—that I am going first, you know. 'Going up?' Oh, how happy we were! It is enough—to be happy 'most a year, don't you think? Poor Con! You won't be here when I go up—they'll take you back—back——"

"To the prison."

She would not say it, but Con did.

"Poor Con! Poor old Con! *Darling!* I have been so happy! I'm not afraid, Con, dear, for you won't be long. I can see it by your dear face. How strange and beautiful it has become! I always thought you beautiful, but now—— What is it, Con?"

"God's love," said Con.

"God's love!" she whispered to herself. "I'll wait for you—with the baby—and both the mothers—by the gate, Con—right by the gate. Don't pass us by. Con, darling, kiss me—*yes*, that-a-way. We'll never get tired of waiting. But don't be long. It can't be quite Heaven without you. Con, there are no jails up there. Kiss me—again—and again—and again—*darling!* Con—your head is white—your—face shines—Con—good-by—good-by till—we meet—by—the gate——"

For the officer had come to take Con back to the prison.

And then yesterday they brought Con up again to the little house in the little street where you know there was no sunshine, to stand for the last time by the side of his wife and baby. He stooped within the coffin to whisper something, as if they could hear. Then he kissed the roses on the coffin-lid and knelt there gazing into the face of his wife while I read those compassionate Scriptures for the living whose loved have died:

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down.
He fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.
Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away.
His days are as grass: as a flower of the field so he perisheth.
For the wind passeth over it and it is gone.
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
He hath not dealt with us after our own sins,
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
For He knoweth our frame:
He remembereth that we are dust."

Some trembling voice began to sing:

"Jesus, lover of my soul!
Let me to Thy bosom fly——"

The old song!

The hearse drove noisily to the door. They took up the coffin. With a mighty sob Con snatched a rose. They stopped pityingly that he might look once more—that he might kiss the black cabinet which held her dust, who had given him all the brief happiness he had known—and then they went their separate ways: Con to the prison—Mary and her babe to the grave.

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Dearly beloved: Receive the Benediction: May the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ be upon you and abide with you, now and evermore. Amen.

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THE last time I saw Rosa Bonheur——

It was this way: We had walked out from Fontainebleau, through a soft spring afternoon, the air heavy with unshed rain; and my friend said: "It is very improbable that she will see us. Her brother died a few weeks ago—this brave little Auguste, whom she taught to paint animals almost as well as she painted them herself." We rang the gate bell and finally an old man came out and looked us over with marks of evident disapprobation.

"Will you take these cards to Mlle. Bonheur?"

The old man grumbled, but finally took the cards and went away, leaving us on the wrong side of the gate. A few moments later a little maid bustled out and opened the gate for us. "Mademoiselle is in the courtyard," she said, and led the way.

We passed through a long, shady hall, through a shadowy room, in which the furniture was all shrouded in white linen, down a short pair of stairs, across a bit of hedged lawn, into the large yard, which was, in fact, a farmyard. Round it were stables and cattle-sheds. There was a good-sized stretch of pasture land, where sheep and goats and heifers browsed in amity, where peacocks strutted splendidly and guinea fowls wandered.

A little insignificant figure, that was neither man nor woman, advanced slowly to meet us. And this was Rosa Bonheur. A brown mare—a descendant of the famous Margot, who was immortalized in the Horse Fair—followed, whinnying.

Mlle. Bonheur wore her noted costume, a compromise between that of the trousered male and the bloused peasant.

Her mannish hair was white. White, too, were the heavy eyebrows—like those of a Spanish woman—that met over the hollow eyes. An insignificant figure, I have said—insignificant, that is, until you noticed the strong, thought-marked face, the prominent forehead and the eyes—those wonderful, intent, penetrating eyes. Then you would say to yourself, "She is a woman of genius," and recall Alphonse Karr's witty remark that women of genius are men—and half agree with it. Rosa Bonheur's head was that of a man; it was planned on the strong model of Carlyle's head. The broad, high forehead was that of a thinker; the chin and jaws were almost Scotch in their determined outline. She was a woman, one would have said, who might have led armies or organized revolt. And paint pictures? It is the last thing one would have thought of.

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In some far-away stall a Highland steer boomed sonorously. A solemn, priestly looking hound trotted up to her and laid his head—that head of a melancholy Dane—against her side. She stroked him lightly with one of her short, muscular hands. All about us rose the din of the farmyard—the cooing of pigeons and cackling clamor of hens.

"Come into the painting-room," said Mlle. Bonheur with a smile; she walked very slowly, and my friend—with French alertness—gave her his arm. I followed with Margot III, with a venerable goat and the dog that looked like a prelate. They were all old—an old, old artist, and her old mare, and her old goat, and her old dog. And so we entered the painting-room. The goat wandered about with a critical air (ludicrously like Francisque Sarcey).

For a little while we talked of Auguste Bonheur—of the sheep he painted so well—of the record he left in the world when he went over to the silent majority.

In her old age she was thinking less of herself than of the little family that she had carried on into wealth and fame. She was twenty-five, and the eldest of the four children, when her father, the drawing-master, died of the cholera. Of Auguste she made an animal painter—quite in her own genre. Her second brother, Isidore, gained some repute as an animal sculptor.

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"The happiest moment in my life? Ah! I have had so many; but, perhaps, the happiest was when my dear father said—in such surprise!—'But the child is an artist!' That was when I was fifteen. I was ten years old when my mother died and we came from Bordeaux to Paris. I was sent to the nuns of Chaillot as a day-boarder. I was a sad truant, I fear. My way to school lay through the Bois—it was a real wood then, with tangles of undergrowth and rambling trees—and I spent more time there than in school. I was to be a governess, you know, for we were very poor. Finally the nuns told my father it was a waste of time and money to try and educate me—I was too stupid. Stupid!" Mlle. Bonheur repeated with a flash of pride that seemed almost uncanny in so quaint a little old woman, "I was not stupid—in my way! Eh, *bien*—they said that perhaps I might do for a dressmaker. At the end of a week I was sent home in disgrace. It was the day of tears."

Can you not imagine that poor, little drawing-master and his consternation when this ugly duckling came weeping home from the shop? What was he to do with her? This swarthy, black-browed little woman—it was evident enough that no one would ever marry her for her beauty. And then—a sad thing in Paris—she was portionless. The poor old man managed to get her into a school where his services as drawing-master were taken as an equivalent. At the new school as at the old she made no great advance in "polite education," but here for the first time she entered the drawing-class. Before the year ended she had outstripped all her companions, and her father made that famous remark, "But the child is an artist."

"It was the happiest moment in my life," said Mlle. Bonheur—that triumph of the long-ago was sweeter to the old artist than all the triumphs of her triumphant career. Success did not come to her easily.

The sunlight slants in through the door of the painting-room and throws a shaft of gold across the floor to the feet of the little, old woman, sitting erect in her wooden armchair; the blouse falls loosely about her boyish figure; she stretches out her hand—in the English fashion, for she has always loved England—to say good-by. There is a smile on her strong, kindly, simple face, but her eyes are tired and sad.

The TRAGEDY of the TEN-TALENT MEN

By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

THE saddest chapter in literature is the history of our ten-talent men. Lingering long upon the career of these sons of genius, we turn from their dark story with the reflection that often greatness seems to be a menace, prosperity a peril, and position a test and strain.

The scholars of Venice tell us that the "Mistress of the Sea" had her vast treasures, not through a few great ships, but by a multitude of lesser vessels. And ours is a world where the richest cargoes of the soul sweep forward in fleets made up of those lesser craft named "two-talent people." What great men cannot do average men easily achieve. A few elect ones there are who seem like vast ships laden with treasures, upon whose decks stand the harpers with their harps, but at whose helms there are no pilots, and oft the galleon has gone down in sight of the harbor, while the smaller craft have peacefully landed their treasures and received welcome and victory.

In every history of the making of modern English the first six chapters must tell the story of six sons of genius and greatness. Strangely enough, the career of four of these richly dowered men was a tragedy, that of Keats an unfulfilled prophecy, while that of Scott alone was an unmarred triumph. Here is Burns, of whom Carlyle asks: "Will a courser of the sun work softly in the harness of a trade horse? His hoofs are of fire, his path is in the heavens, his task bringing light to all lands. Will he lumber over mud roads, dragging ale for earthly appetites from door to door?" Yet such a tragedy was the life of Burns! He was the child of supreme genius. After a century his songs are still the richest treasure of a nation that has immeasurable wealth. Himself a song-intoxicated man, with melody he hath bewitched all peoples. Striking a new note in English literature, this fresh, bouyant, impassioned singer enters the scene like an ethereal visitor from some celestial realm. Of his amazing intellect, Walter Scott said Burns had condensed the essence of a thousand novels in these four lines:

"Had we never loved so blindly,
Had we never loved so kindly,
Never met and never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

What Raphael is in color, what Mozart is in music, that Burns is in song. With his sweet words "the mother soothes her child, the lover woos his bride, the soldier wins his victory." His biographer says his genius was so overmastering that the news of Burns' arrival at the village inn drew farmers from their fields and at midnight wakened travelers, who left their beds to listen, delighted until the morn.

A DIAMOND AMONG PEBBLES

One day this child of poverty and obscurity left his plow behind and entering the drawing-rooms of Edinburgh met Scotland's most gifted scholars, her noblest lords and ladies. Among these scholars, statesmen and philosophers he blazed "like a torch midst the tapers," showing himself wiser than the scholars, wittier than the humorists, kinglier than the courtliest.

And yet, in the very prime of his mid-manhood Burns lay down to die, a broken-hearted man. He who had sinned much suffered much, and being the victim of his own folly he was also the victim of ingratitude and misfortune. Bewildered by his debts he seemed like an untamed eagle, beating against bars he could not break. The last time he lifted his pen over the page it was not to give immortal form to some exquisite lyric he had fashioned, but to beg a friend in Edinburgh for a loan of ten pounds to save him from the terrors of a debtors' prison.

At the summit of his fame Walter Scott said that the most precious treasure his memory possessed was associated with the moment when, as a boy, he met Robert Burns and looked into the poet's eyes, dark and tender, "the most glorious eyes" he had ever seen. But the last time that Robert Burns' eyes glowed they blazed with anger against a creditor who had come to drag the dying man from his couch to the prison cell. Possessed by sorrow as with an evil spirit, his dark hair streaked with gray before its time; worn by worries, wasted with fever, embittered by troubles against which he had bravely struggled, but struggled in vain, Burns fell upon an untimely death. And so this child of sunshine and sweet song, with his flashing wit and abundant laughter, died feeling that his sun was to go down midst clouds as black as have ever been woven out of the warp and woof of poverty and misfortune. For he is not one of the prophets whom men have first slain and then builded their sepulchre.

Carlyle thinks Burns received more rather than less of the kindness usually bestowed upon great teachers. For ours is a world that pays Christ with a cross, Socrates with a cup of poison; while Tasso polished his cantos in a madhouse, Cervantes perfected his pages in a prison; Roger Bacon wrought out his Principles in a dungeon; Locke was banished, and wrote his treatise on the mind while shivering in a Dutch garret. By contrast with a lot of other worthies, Burns seems a child of good fortune. In the last analysis the blame is with the poet himself. Not want of good fortune without, but want of good guidance within, wrecked this youth. History holds no sadder tragedy than that of Burns, who sang "the short and simple annals of the poor"—songs that have made the singer's name immortal.

THE TRAGEDY OF BYRON

But if some explain Burns' excesses and sins by his extreme poverty, urging that penury gave him "no shelter to grow ripe and no leisure to grow wise," in Byron we have one in whom wealth was united to genius like the costliest vase holding the loveliest flower. Surely poverty never pinched Byron. Certainly his intellect made the path bright enough for his young feet. Indeed, he was the first English author to conquer the admiration of the continent. Goethe gave him a place among the foremost. France and Italy bestowed an admiration hitherto reserved for Shakespeare alone.

Entering the drawing-room of some great man, Byron stood forth clothed with all the beauty of a Greek god. In language of unrivaled force and beauty he led the revolt of the common people against the infamous Court of George III. Publishing his first volume, he woke one morning to find himself famous.

Yet this youth, so brave, so beautiful, dowered with gifts so rich, perished ere his race was half run. In a reckless, pleasure-loving age he drank more, lived faster, and was more reckless than any man. When vice had disturbed his happiness, sin poisoned his genius. Alienated from England, he went to the Continent and entered upon such escapades as unbridled desires alone suggest. Soon Shelley wrote home that a violent death was the best thing to be desired for Byron. The fever that at last consumed his body was fully matched by the remorse that preyed upon his mind. In his dying hour, "the worm, the canker and the grief" were his alone. Therefore he likened himself to a serpent girt about with fire, that turns its poisoned fangs upon itself as a means of escaping from approaching flames. If, in his early career, Byron had died, England would have buried Byron in one of the favorite spots in her Abbey. When at length his career ended in disgrace, she closed her gates against him, and his friends bore his troubled dust into the little churchyard at Hucknell. When Tennyson heard that Byron was dead he said he thought the world was at an end.

THE SORROWS OF GREAT LEADERS

When we have noted that Poe starved and shivered into the tramp's grave at thirty-nine, that Burns found the wolf at his door at thirty-seven, that the fiend was gnawing at the heartstrings of Byron at thirty-six, that at thirty Shelley passed beyond "the contagion of the world's slow stain," that Keats, "whose name is writ not in water," but in adamant, was dead at twenty-five, we must not interpret these ill-starred lives as meaning that the history of great poets represents defeat and tragedy, while the history of great men in other departments of life represents triumph.

If we call the roll of the artists, we find that Andrea del Sarto had gifts so great as to lead many to believe that he was superior to Raphael himself. In his early youth he painted pictures characterized by such beauty and majesty of drawing, such richness of color, as to promise a supremacy altogether unique. But early in his career this youth passed under the influence of a beautiful Jezebel, left his aged parents to starve, and for gold sold his brush to ignoble patrons. When Francis I advanced money for certain pictures the youth spent it in riotous living, making no return to his benefactor. Stricken with remorse, he was overtaken by a contagious disease. Deserted by the woman for whom he had abandoned honor, fame and friends, he perished in the solitude of a filthy garret, and at midnight was hastily carried forth to a pauper's grave.

In philosophy, also, great men have had a like career. Here is Bacon with his noble birth, reared in a palace, educated at Court, and replying, almost as soon as he could speak, to the Queen asking how old he was, "Two years younger than Your Majesty's happy reign." He garnered universal wisdom. He founded a new system of philosophy. He ushered in our era of science. But he also added the cunning of a traitor to the wisdom of a statesman, and the meanness of a slave to the grasp of a philosopher.

GREAT MEN OF AFFAIRS ALSO UNFORTUNATE

Nor are the tragedies less dark in other realms. Here is Coleridge the essayist, whom Hazlitt said was the one man who fulfilled his idea of genius; whom Wordsworth called the most wonderful man he had ever known; who seemed to Carlyle "the myriad-minded man." In his youth he refused an offer of two thousand pounds a year to edit a journal, saying that he thought no man should have an income of more than three hundred and fifty pounds, for he preferred poverty and leisure to wealth and drudgery, saying, "I hope to find in my poetry its own exceeding great reward."

But early in his career he fell a slave to the opium habit that shattered his nerves, darkened his reason, destroyed his home, and enfeebled his will. He who had once been master to many pupils, leading on like a pillar of fire for brilliancy, became a pillar of cloud, out of which leaped but intermittent flashes—flashes not of light but of lightning, that served only to deepen the darkness in which the great man dwelt. Dying, he whose youth gave promise of permanent treasure for English literature, left a few short poems, that alone represent his genius, while, as Leigh Hunt said, "he left 5000 other poems, not one of them complete." For Coleridge ended his career like Samson, blind and grinding corn in the prison of those who once had been his servants.

Pathetic, too, is the tragedy of great men in the realm of affairs. In his class no man of his time even approached "the little Corsican" in sheer weight of intellect. He stayed a revolution, conquered kingdoms, made a code, leveled the Alps, invented a system of weights and measures. He was so great that single-handed he might have set France forth half a century in the march of civilization. But prosperity made him proud, power made him cruel, and moving swiftly toward ruin, Emerson says he became unjust to his Generals, false to his wife, blind to honor, until he could "steal, lie, slander, drown and poison as his interest demanded." Stricken with death, he coolly falsified dates, facts and characters to heighten his fame. Drunk with prosperity, he fell from his proud eminence.

WISDOM AND ITS TRAGEDY

And here are the scholars, from Solomon to Goethe, getting wisdom and knowledge, but also indulging themselves in sin, until their making of books seems a vanity, and all their days disgrace—whose biographers, like Noah's sons, must need walk backward to hide the hero's nakedness. And here are the sons of wealth, who have used their superior strength and power to thrust back from life's good things those who are inferior and weak, and who, going toward the throne, have left behind their modesty, and, becoming proud and imperious, have ruined happiness and made life a tragedy.

And here are the daughters of beauty from Cleopatra on, whose talent was beauty, whose task to lift men up from the abyss and guide from star to star, but who have embroiled men in quarrels, brought anarchy to the lives of those who have loved them, whose breath is a pestilence, whose affection is a flame, who have been to men not the shade of a rock in weary land, but the sharpness of a rock to sink goodly ships. Oh, the story of greatness is one long, black, piteous tragedy! Happy, thrice happy, those who are the children of one talent, or two, or three, who dwell neither in the arctic zone of chill penury nor in the heated zone of the tropics, but rather in the temperate zone, where the average man doth dwell, fulfilling the world's work—above whose bier rises no mournful lament, "How are the mighty fallen!" and "Perished are the weapons of the great!"

APOLOGIES FOR THE SONS OF GREATNESS

Difficult indeed the task of explaining the wreck and ruin of these sons of greatness. In the noblest plea that one man of genius has ever made for another, Carlyle reminds us that the orbit of a planet is large and that of a circus ring small, and that a deflection of a few inches from this small ring would be greater in proportion to its diameter than for the planet to wander thousands of miles from its vast orbit. "Granted," says Carlyle of Burns, "the ship comes into harbor with shroud and tackle damaged, the pilot is blameworthy; he has not been all-wise or all-powerful; but to know how blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been around the world or merely a yachting trip across some sequestered lake." But Byron's plea is very bold. He affirms that greatness sanctifies whatever it does, that genius is exempt from moral laws that are binding upon dull people, that his superior gifts charter the possessor to gratify his desires in whatever garden of pleasure. This plea would make Burns blameless for clothing drinking-songs with matchless beauty, free Del Sarto from condemnation for hanging immortal wreaths upon the foreheads of satanic creatures, and discharge the French school from responsibility for clothing the worst sentiments in the loveliest language.

GREATNESS A PLEDGE TO GOODNESS

All wise men hold that greatness is a pledge to goodness. In moments of sober reflection, thoughtful minds will affirm that as men go toward greatness they go toward responsibility; that when God gives the youth power and the maiden beauty, He takes vows from them; that follies quite excusable in a one-talent man are monstrous in the children of ten talents; that by virtue of supremacy the children of strength are pledged to special honor and purity and justice and truth in the inner parts.

As men journey away from mediocrity, and go toward the throne and sceptre, they go toward responsibility. Five-talent men were made to take care of one-talent men. Ten-talent men were made to take care of two-talent people. The giant has his strength for lifting the burdens of the weak, the sage has his wisdom for guiding the ignorant, the rich have their wealth for serving Christ's poor. This is the secret of the tragedy of the sons of greatness—they have wasted the divine treasure upon themselves—refusing to obey the law of God, who makes all gifts to men as a sacred trust in the interests of His little ones. When God gives a man power, wisdom, wealth or genius, He takes vows of him to serve the children of sorrow, weakness and misfortune.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

Outlining the Presidential Campaign

ALMOST a year remains before the great parties will have their tickets nominated, and a great deal may occur in that time to modify issues, determine candidates and change probabilities, but for all practical purposes the lines of the fight have been indicated by the war and by the politics and developments since the protocol was signed between Spain and the United States.

There is no large opposition in the Republican party to the renomination of President William McKinley, and all the Republican State Conventions thus far held have indorsed him unanimously, declaring him to be the Republican leader. When Ohio has the candidate, Ohio takes a lion's share in the program of Presidential politics, and the recent State Convention thus becomes interesting and important for its bearing upon the greater contest next year. The Republicanism of Ohio will be the Republicanism of the country. It has happened that way before.

Of course there was the usual fight for local control in the State, and the different factions had their candidates for the gubernatorial nomination, but in effect it was the field against the leadership of United States Senator Mark Hanna, all the different interests announcing that they were in favor of President McKinley, but many of them carrying their opposition to Mr. Hanna to the fighting point.

The result of the struggle was a comparatively easy victory for the Hanna forces, who succeeded in nominating their candidate for Governor, Judge George K. Nash, on the second ballot. It was in the platform that the large national interest centred, for it is admitted that Mr. Hanna will again direct the campaign of Mr. McKinley, and as a matter of course the Ohio platform would be both a suggestion to every other Republican State Convention and an outline of the declarations of the party in its national contest.

Two great issues stand before the country, one foreign and one domestic. Although the Democrats have not held any convention speaking with the authority of the Republican assemblage in Ohio, they have sufficiently announced their

HON. MARK HANNA
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO

program in speeches, meetings and newspapers to convince the country that they will make a most vigorous fight against the expansion policy of the present Administration. They are encouraged in this by comparatively small but wonderfully active factions of other organizations which are attacking what they call imperialism.

On this point the Ohio convention spoke rather indefinitely, and the opposition has charged that body with shirking its duty and being afraid to announce positive convictions. In effect, the resolutions, after praising the work of the Administration, said it could be fully trusted by the people with "the solution of the momentous problem of the future of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands"; whereupon the Democrats ask for particulars—whether or not the Philippines are to have free government, whether or not Cuba is to be annexed, and other questions of the kind.

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The other issue is one of peculiar interest, in that there is a race with all the parties as to which shall make the most satisfactory declaration upon it. Never in the history of the world was there such a sudden springing up of great trusts as within the past six months. An idea of the hugeness of the matter can be gathered from the fact that four hundred of these combinations show a capitalization of capital and preferred stock and bonded indebtedness of over $6,000,000,000, or about one-twelfth the total wealth of the country. Of course much of this is fictitious, but that makes the craze all the more valuable as an issue in politics, for the disasters of the weaker concerns will keep the matter constantly in the public mind.

It is the old anti-monopoly cry intensified and multiplied by our end-of-the-century methods, and a great majority of the people and all the parties are vigorously opposed to it. In the State platforms, where the first indications of the national declarations are heard, planks against trusts have already been placed, and each organization is trying to put itself in the strongest possible position upon the issue. Some of the leaders of the parties which were for free silver at the ratio of sixteen to one have tempered their zeal on finances and concentrated their fervor upon the trusts. The Ohio Republicans commended the State law prohibiting the organization of trusts, and added: "We denounce such unlawful combinations as inimical to the interests of the people."

Thus far, therefore, the Presidential fight is following along these lines of battle—expansion abroad and the trusts at home. Incidentally, much will be heard in opposition to a large standing army, and much may depend upon the business situation, for any variation in the present prosperity will directly affect Presidential politics.

Increased Value of Street Railway Franchises

More great fortunes have been made out of street railways within the past few years than from gold mines. Properties costing from ten to twenty millions have been capitalized at from sixty to one hundred millions, and the securities of these have sold at high rates. In the difference between the cost of the plant and the value of the property the public has seen, as it never saw before, the enormous wealth which has been given away in public franchises. In only a few cities is there an adequate return through taxation or special clauses in the charters. Two cities get a percentage of the gross earnings which supports their park systems, but as a rule the companies pay only the usual tax rate, taking their great profits with no legal obligation to let the city or State share in their good fortune.

Recently in all new city charters the most important provision is that no public franchise for the use of the streets shall be given, but that it shall be sold to the highest bidder in open market on the most advantageous terms to the municipality. In the meanwhile, the franchises which were given away under the old system continue to increase in value to the corporations which own them.

Right Beginnings for Race Improvement

The large death rate among children in the centres of population has long been one of the disgraces of civilization. An instructive illustration of it comes from New York, where in five years there has been a reduction of fifteen per cent. in the deaths of children, due very largely to the furnishing of pure milk to the poor and to the various enterprises which take these victims of poverty from their crowded tenements and alleys in summer and give them the benefit of the seaside or the country.

The value of sterilized milk, for instance, which is only one of the new philanthropies, is shown by the fact that in a total of twelve hundred cases it saved the lives of over three hundred, as compared with previous years when diluted and unhealthy milk was used. The plans and purposes now embrace many different things. In Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, through the benefaction of the late Richard Smith and his wife, a playhouse for children has been erected, a splendid home seventy-five by fifty-two feet with porches sixteen feet wide, with beautiful bathrooms, sun parlor, nursery, and cots for tired or sick children. It is in no sense a hospital, but simply and solely a place for rest and recreation—one of the newest experiments in practical philanthropy.

Every large city now has its societies for giving the children free excursions or for sending them to the country for a week or more. Recent movements have opened many of the schoolyards for the children who cannot get away from the cities. The article by Mayor Quincy, of Boston, recently published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, showing what Boston has done in the way of free baths, free playgrounds, free gymnasiums, free summer camps and other pleasures and conveniences, has greatly stimulated movements for children throughout the country, and the time is dawning when the best energies of the municipality will be employed in caring for the welfare of its youngest members, for it is now generally recognized that in no better way can it protect its health, increase the value of its population and perform its duties to mankind. It is practical reform at the beginning.

Peace Conference Favors Arbitration Between Nations

The American Commissioners to the International Peace Conference made a sturdy fight to carry out their instructions, despite unexpected opposition on the part of representatives of several European Governments. They had three points only to urge upon the Conference—the protection of private property at sea, the application of the Geneva Convention rules to war at sea as well as on land, and arbitration.

Objection was raised to the introduction of the first two points on the ground that they were not included in the Russian circular of invitation, but our Commissioners contended that the Dutch invitation asked for deliberation on the questions in the Russian circular, and also on certain other issues under which the introduction of the two questions was proper.

It is to be noted that the Czar's scheme for disarmament received scant attention in the first days of the Conference. At the very opening, M. de Staal, President of the Conference and chief of the Russian Commission, in his formal address reversed the Russian circular, and made mediation and arbitration the first consideration and disarmament the last.

It is also a hopeful sign of some practical result that the Arbitration Committee unanimously accepted the principle favoring a peaceful solution of international questions before a recourse to arms. This proposition was favored by all the Governments originally, and a permanent court of arbitration will probably result from it.

The Use of Air as a Motive Power

Some of the miracles which electricity was to perform have not materialized, although many wonderful things have been done. Equally marvelous are the predictions that have been made for the use of compressed and liquid air, and careful men claim that all these will be more than realized. A few days ago the largest and finest chimes of the world were rung by air. A gentle touch of the finger upon a key swung the enormous bells of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. In the same city, cars on the street railways are driven by compressed air, and great power-houses are now being constructed to furnish compressed air to several lines. Already the capital directed to the development of this agency runs into hundreds of millions of dollars, and the new companies are exploiting their wares on the Stock Exchange, showing the substantial development which has already been reached.

Along with these is the achievement of Mr. Tripler in producing liquid air, and this is being adapted to commercial uses. Promises are made that it will revolutionize power in the propulsion of vehicles and that it will run stationary engines as well. Evidently the new century will witness strange things in invention and industry.

United States in Possession of Another Asiatic Archipelago

A United States military force has taken possession of Jolo, the capital and trade centre of the Sulu Archipelago, without opposition from any quarter. In doing so the sovereignty of the United States has been established over a group of nearly one hundred and fifty islands that are little known, but have a long history.

The American Peace Commissioners treated this archipelago as forming a part of the Philippine group, while Spain considered them separate territory, a claim supposed to be strengthened by the known desire of Germany to acquire them. In the past both Great Britain and Germany have disputed Spain's rightful possession of the smaller archipelago, but a treaty between the three countries established the Spanish title.

The Sulus come to us as a part of the demand for the Philippines. They are in three clusters, and have a combined population of about 75,000, mostly Mohammedans. For many centuries Spain claimed sovereignty over them, although the inhabitants declared themselves independent and maintained a despotic dynasty. Spain's actual possession dates only from 1851.

Great Training Tour of Young American Missionaries

Those good folks who believe that altogether too many people lay off their religion and put on their summer suits at the same time will find cause for rejoicing in a novel arrangement that has been perfected by the Mission Boards of nearly a dozen of the largest Protestant churches.

These boards have under their care nearly five thousand young men and women, many of them seminary students, who are being prepared for foreign missionary work. In order to give them practical training, and at the same time to stimulate church-going during the summer months, it has been arranged to send them in small bands to every part of the country.

They will be instructed to engage in addressing congregations and other religious assemblages, to organize missionary societies where none exist, to secure pledges of systematic support of foreign missions, and to distribute literature tending to promote popular interest in missionary work. They are also charged to make a study of the plans of the Society of Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, and similar organizations.

The Smooth Face and National Candidates

Honorable William McKinley has a smooth face, and so has the Honorable William J. Bryan, and Honorable Thomas B. Reed some time since parted with a mustache which he formerly wore. Former Senator Arthur P. Gorman is advocated by certain Democrats as a candidate who would avoid the money issue. He has a smooth face. Recently Honorable William J. Stone, of Missouri, has come into the lists of Presidential mention, appealing to the Democrats on his record as a farmer, a lawyer, a Governor, and an uncompromising opponent of Civil Service Reform. He has sacrificed the mustache he once wore, and he has brushed the hair still higher on his brow, and a Western writer says, "he now resembles quite closely in appearance the old-fashioned idea of a statesman." The others have not yet brushed their hair higher, since some of them have not enough of it to get the Pompadour effect.

These instances recall to mind the days when Webster, Clay and Calhoun had smooth faces, but possibly it might not be wise to carry the comparisons further.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

A Remarkable Discovery by Professor Brinton

Professor D. G. Brinton, the famous authority upon archæology and linguistics, has given his valuable library upon these subjects to the University of Pennsylvania, together with many writings embodying his personal researches. It is doubtful, however, whether his papers include the following incident, the truth of which is vouched for:

While in Mexico, on one occasion the Professor was the guest of the National Historical Society of that Republic. One day while discussing with a member on the street the blends of Aztec and Maya blood which enter into the average peon, the Professor called attention to cranial peculiarities transmitted from these ancient races.

"There," he said, pointing to a laborer who was working on the street, "is a type in which apparently the maternal influences were Toltec and the paternal Maya or Carib."

"I see," said the member.

"Notice the man's forehead," continued the Professor; "it has all the characteristics of——"

"Phat's that?" interrupted the supposed peon, dropping his pick. "Phat's that ye're saying, ye long-legged pervarikatur? I'll have ye know me faythers was a O'Shannessey and me maythers a Finnegan."

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Mary Anderson's Place in the Hearts of Americans

The enthusiastic interest which the public has displayed in Mrs. Antonio de Navarro during her visit to this country has proven what a strong hold Mary Anderson had upon all of us. It was ten years ago that she married and dropped out of public life as utterly as possible. She has lived ever since in the English country, and yet every one has given her a welcome upon her return to us for a few short weeks. She is recognized everywhere, for she has lost none of her rare beauty of face and figure, and is the Mary Anderson of old. The picture we print is her latest, and was taken but a short time ago.

MADAME DE NAVARRO

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Mrs. de Navarro was greatly surprised and deeply touched because people remembered her, and when she entered the box one evening at one of the New York theatres she was applauded by the audience, and acknowledged the ovation with a gracious smile and bow.

Her most gracious act was when she attended the opening performance of Juliet by Maude Adams, and applauded and leaned far forward toward the stage, and then went back of the scenes and took the trembling, frightened little Juliet in her arms and kissed her over and over, and with great tears in her eyes told her how fine had been her performance. Maude Adams declares it was one of the happiest moments of her life, for Mary Anderson was one of the finest Juliets of modern times, and praise from her was very sweet.

Mrs. de Navarro lives at Broadway, an English country town of the most charming situation. She leads an ideal life with her devoted husband and two children, and she has no desire to go back to the worries and weariness of a public career.

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Mr. Woodward in the Rôle of an Indian Chief

Judge E. B. Martindale, of Indianapolis, Indiana, owns one of the handsomest residences in that city—a large stone mansion hidden from the street by a thick grove of trees. It was in this house that one of the most exciting functions ever known in the Hoosier capital took place many years ago, the true story of which is now printed for the first time. The Judge, who was one of the leaders of society and at the same time was a pillar in the Presbyterian Church, had issued invitations for a fancy dress ball which at the last moment he had to withdraw because of the presence in this country of a large body of Presbyterian delegates from Great Britain on their way to an international conference in the West.

They were to be entertained at the Judge's the night set for the ball. It so happened that every guest received his notice save one, a merchant named Woodward, who was on a trip through the Northwest. It also happened that Mr. Woodward had hit upon the most startling disguise of any planned. He had bought a complete costume of a Sioux war chief, and intended making up as nearly like the original as possible.

Mr. Woodward did not return to Indianapolis until the evening fixed for the ball, and, therefore, to save time put on his costume at his office and drove to the Martindale residence in his carriage, which he dismissed at the gate. Through the trees and shrubbery he glided stealthily until he reached the house. Looking through the window, Mr. Woodward saw some persons whom he knew and many whom he did not, but every one was in ordinary evening dress.

"They've unmasked," soliloquized the war chief, "but I'll have my fun just the same." Thereupon, stepping on a ledge, he made one spring through the open window and landed in the centre of a group of Scotch delegates, meantime brandishing a genuine tomahawk and uttering shrill and blood-curdling war-whoops.

The effect was astounding to the masquerader. Some of the guests fainted, others crept under the tables and sofas or fled to the upper stories of the house. It took only an instant for Mr. Woodward to discover that a terrible mistake had been made. In order to preserve his identity and make his escape he gave a few more whoops, executed a fearful dance, and darted out of the window into the darkness.

It was explained to the foreign guests that one of the Indianapolis Indian tribes was evidently restless, but that no further trouble need be feared. As for Mr. Woodward, his side of the story was not known for nearly twenty years afterward.

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Mascagni's Royal Critic

Mascagni, the famous composer of Cavalleria Rusticana, a few years ago was asked to entertain the Royal Court in Rome. He did so and delighted his audience. When he had finished playing he started a conversation with a little Princess who had stood near the piano during the recital and had shown every sign of deep interest. As a matter of fact she had been instructed by her mother to say, if any question should be asked, "that Mascagni was the greatest musician in Italy."

The composer asked her which of the great living masters she liked best, and the proud mother turned toward the child to hear the pretty little speech which had been taught to her. Instead of the compliment came the withering remark:

"There are no great masters living. They are all dead."

The musician gave a little start and then said: "Your Excellency, permit me to congratulate you; you are the most truthful critic in Europe."

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Took Senator Clark at His Word

In the fierce rivalry for the United States Senatorship in Montana, between the Clark and Marcus Daly factions, many amusing stories, true and false, were told by heated partisans. The point, in most cases, consisted of the contrast afforded by the early careers of the two men. Marcus Daly rose from a poor miner to be one of the copper kings of the West, while Clark began his Western career as a college-bred man. The speeches and letters of the latter were models of good English, but on one occasion his fastidiousness in expression worked unexpected results. He had laid out a handsome lawn in front of his house, and to prevent the townspeople from walking on the grass he built a boardwalk over it and put up the following sign:

TAKE THE BOARDWALK.

This sign instantly caught the public eye, and the next morning the sign and boardwalk had both vanished, and in place of the former was a rudely lettered placard bearing this inscription:

WE HAVE.

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When Hardy Chose a Waiter as His Hero

Thomas Hardy, the well-known author of Far From the Madding Crowd, and Tess of the D'Urbervilles, is a man of strange versatility. One day, not long ago, taking luncheon at a club with a friend, they were served by a waiter who had been nearly thirty years in the club's employ. He was a great favorite in the club, and was regarded as an ideal waiter by the members of other clubs. During his long career he had never been known to make a mistake, much less to be guilty of an omission, to express or even to have an opinion, to manifest interest in anything, or to lose his dignity.

THOMAS HARDY

The conversation naturally turned to literary topics, during which Hardy said that every living thing was eloquent and told a story of pathos or of humor to whomsoever had eyes and ears. There was a romance in every individual.

His friend disputed the proposition and pointed to the imperturbable John, the waiter, who stood with folded napkin unconcernedly watching a fly on the window pane. Hardy smiled and said: "I see you are blind like all the rest."

Two nights afterward the friends met again and Hardy produced a manuscript and read a short story of which that waiter was the hero, and which was so indescribably touching as to draw tears from his hearer.

Trying to Tell Ignatius Donnelly's Stories

When Ignatius Donnelly was a prominent figure in Minnesota politics he had for his antagonist in one Congressional campaign General Anderson, a Swede, whose talents did not lie in the direction of humor. Now, Mr. Donnelly was one of the brightest stump-speakers in the West, and as a story-teller had few equals. The two men generally spoke from the same platform, one answering the argument of the other. It was Donnelly's custom to speak first and to confine himself largely to a number of funny and pertinent stories more potent than any argument that could have been put forth. On one occasion General Anderson spoke first, and he determined to turn the tables on Donnelly.

PIETRO MASCAGNI

"I shall be followed, gentlemen and fellow-citizens," he began, "by a gentleman who never presents any argument. He will merely entertain his hearers by some humorous anecdotes. They may amuse, but they never convince. Thus far this campaign he has not made a single argument, but to-night I shall force him to do so or remain silent. I will tell his stories myself, and then we may hear from him in a different vein."

And he repeated verbatim as nearly as he could all of Mr. Donnelly's favorite stories. But to his intense dismay they were greeted with a gravelike silence, saddening as a first grief. When he had ended Mr. Donnelly arose.

"My friends," he said, in his cheery, beaming way, "I don't mind personal abuse—I can stand that; nor slander—for I can refute that; but this wretched deception cuts me. The General says he has told my stories. He has given you some wretched imitation and backed them by my name. I protest. Now I shall tell you these stories as they should be told."

He therefore went over the anecdotes from beginning to end, and as the point in each was revealed the audience went wild with enthusiasm. They were as new as if they had never even been mentioned by title. It was the General's last attempt at imitation.

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TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

From Office Boy to Vice-President.—The recent death of Henry B. Hyde, President of the Equitable Life Assurance Company, promotes to the Third Vice-Presidency George T. Wilson. The new Third Vice is slender, alert, and less than forty years old. He began with the company as an office boy. There were three other lads who started in with him, but while they read novels Wilson studied shorthand. One day he acted as voluntary substitute when an official stenographer was absent. He attracted Mr. Hyde's attention, and now he is one of the foremost and best-paid insurance men of his years in the world.

George Peck's First Offer.—Since he has grown rich and famous, ex-Governor George W. Peck, of Wisconsin, and author of Peck's Bad Boy, has probably forgotten his first important start in the newspaper business. It was in the early sixties. Brick Pomeroy was printing his Democrat in La Crosse, Wisconsin, and was making it the best newspaper property in the Northwest. Peck was running a little country weekly in the pineries. It was an unimportant sheet save for one column of jokes which Peck wrote each week. This department caught Pomeroy's eye, and one day he wrote to Peck asking him whether he would be willing to go down to La Crosse and work for the Democrat at twenty-five dollars a week. Three days later Mr. Pomeroy got this telegram:

"I accept your offer quicker than instantly. For Heaven's sake don't withdraw it!"

A New Grand Army Ritual.—The Rev. Dr. Stewart Walsh, Chaplain of the U. S. Grant Grand Army Post, has set an example which will probably become general before many years. He changed the ritual on last Memorial Day at the Grant Tomb services in New York. It formerly read:

"A Union soldier's grave is a hero's altar."

He changed it to:

"An American soldier's grave is a hero's altar."

Rosa Bonheur's Last Portrait.—Probably the most valuable work of Anna E. Klumpke, the San Francisco portrait painter, is a recent portrait of Rosa Bonheur, painted at the great artist's request a few weeks before her death. Miss Klumpke is something besides an artist. She holds the degree of Doctor of Mathematics from the Sorbonne, in Paris, and has been employed in the French Bureau of Measurements. She has also exhibited paintings in the Salon. Her portrait is the last one ever painted of Miss Bonheur, and is said to be one of the best ever executed.

HIS ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

by Lilian Quiller-Couch

THE preservation of uninterrupted friendship with a man who possesses or is cursed with (the terms are used according to experience) an artistic temperament is difficult, if not inadvisable. Being engaged to him is both—and worse.

Ordinary premises do not apply to the artistic temperament. The man who has it will not be bound. The temperament sways him in many directions, and he rather enjoys yielding to the sway; it is pleasant—something like rocking on a bough.

To enjoy an artistic temperament to the full, though, one condition is demanded, viz.: the man shall have no conscience. A mixture of conscience and artistic temperament is to be avoided at all costs. Of course, a conscience big enough to swamp the temperament may achieve some good results from the commonplace person's point of view; but a middle course is not to be contemplated. The man possessing such a commingling will run amuck with life, as sure as Fate.

Edgar Opp possessed an artistic temperament and a moiety of conscience, and the combination nearly killed him—with the help of a woman.

When Edgar was a child he lived in Canterbury, next door to Ethel Estcourt, in the first of three old-fashioned houses the front doors of which abutted on the pavement, but the backs of which had gardens better adapted for intimacy. Edgar was pale and handsome, even in those days; his hair was black and rather long, and the foremost passion of his life was music. Ethel, who lived in No. 2, was a skinny, brown child, with no interest in anything in particular but in a good many things in general; one of those specimens of femininity which are all angles at thirteen and all-attractive at thirty. In the third house lived Johnnie Grant, stubbly haired, short-nosed and freckled; quite an ordinary boy except for a promising forehead and a habit of reading.

Johnnie fought Edgar frequently, if not continuously, by reason of that artistic temperament—indirectly. Ethel knew of the fights and was grandly impartial, but she knew nothing about temperaments. Neither did Johnnie, for that matter; he merely fought Edgar because Edgar seemed to him to be somewhat of a prig, a thing not to be tolerated. Edgar fought Johnnie because Johnnie fought him. They were friends during the intervals.

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Of course there were dull, self-absorbed relatives living in the three old houses, but they were grown-ups, not necessary to this narrative, who were uninterested in the meetings on the garden walls and the lively subjects under discussion a gunshot from their own dull dinner-tables, and they left the children alone. Ethel always sat sideways on one of the walls running down the side of her garden; the boys sat on the bottom walls near the join, dangling their legs and facing her. Ethel generally selected the left-hand wall, the one next to Edgar's garden; it being generally admitted that it was difficult for Edgar to slide over the bricks with his fiddle in his hand, and he insisted on bringing the fiddle.

Johnnie did not care a straw for music; indeed, he found it a nuisance; but Ethel liked it, and Johnnie rather liked looking at Ethel as she listened. Edgar himself was entranced by his own performances, and though he would discuss men and things between whiles, he was always eager to play again as soon as Johnnie would allow him.

After several years of this intimacy a change came over the trio. It came gradually, but it annoyed Johnnie Grant none the less on that account. He noticed little by little that Ethel's passion for listening to Edgar's music had become as great as Edgar's passion for producing it, and that their passion for talking together during the intervals was greater than either—indeed, so great that in time there was nothing but interval, and Johnnie seemed forgotten as he sat dangling his legs and looking at them.

At first he thought nothing of it; then he gave his attention to his book; then after some weeks of neglect he deserted and went fishing. But he felt all the time that they would scarcely notice whether he was there or not. It was a horrid, sore feeling which made him kick pebbles into the river when he did reach it, and entirely spoil his chance of sport.

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When this state of affairs had gone on an interminable time, according to Johnnie Grant's calculation, and a reasonable number of weeks according to the calendar, the grown-ups were called forward from the uninteresting background, and it became known that Edgar Opp and Ethel Estcourt were engaged. When the news went forth and reached No. 3, Johnnie Grant went away and sat on the edge of the forcing-frame in his garden and put his hand to his head. "Good Heavens!" he thought dazedly. "That is what I want for myself; and I didn't know it!" And quite suddenly the hopelessness of life occurred to him.

At No. 1 and No. 2 that spring and summer seemed very pleasant. At No. 3 there was less content, for Johnnie Grant had become captious, and one captious person can counterbalance much of the soothing power of sunshine.

When Edgar Opp had been engaged some months his artistic temperament jogged a bit and swayed toward travel and new sensations, with the result, of course, that he decided to travel and enjoy new sensations. He told Ethel of his intentions, but he did not notice that she gasped a little and grew white; he was busy at the moment debating as to the country which would be likely to please him most. He had "done" Italy and Germany already. He had received sufficient actual teaching, he felt sure.

What he wanted was inspiration—a spiritualizing of his art, so to speak. England was so commonplace. Even English love-making was commonplace if carried on in the orthodox way. This, as yet, had scarcely taken shape in his own brain, for he was extremely fond of Ethel. He felt it, nevertheless, and the outcome was a desire for the country most dissimilar, and a decision in favor of the East, the alluring, superstitious, imaginative East. He felt that new and subtle power must come to the man who could feel the East *and* play the violin.

Edgar enjoyed a most affecting last evening in the old garden. And Johnnie sat on the edge of the forcing-frame and set his teeth as he listened to the music on the other side of the wall, imagining the interludes, and disliking Edgar intensely for those heart-stirring notes, and even more for those "rests" which were obviously so much longer than could be required by any composer. Johnnie got off the frame and strode away after a while; he recognized that it was not fair to grind out rage on a fragile thing with glass in it.

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Edgar meanwhile made Ethel vow fidelity many times—so many, indeed, that there was no opportunity for Ethel to exact vows even if she had thought of it. Instead, he kissed away her tears and declared that nothing but the demands of Art should ever have torn him from her.

So the good steamship Ariel carried the artistic temperament over seas; and a very pretty American girl, and a passably good-looking English girl, in the moonlight and separately, helped Edgar to endure the parting from Ethel. He talked to them separately of art and inspiration, and subtle waves of feeling, and so on; but they were mere white-skinned beings, wearing silks and chiffons and curls, after the same pattern as all their fellows, and he was glad when, at last, he put his foot ashore and quitted them. After all, it was the East he had come to see and feel, not steamship life.

Johnnie did not care a straw for music; indeed, he found it a nuisance; but Ethel liked it

There are quite a number of pleasant spots and persons in the East if one is determined to find them and consider them such. Edgar dawdled through and with many of these, analyzing their effect upon himself, and writing pages to Ethel about his subtle sensations. Ethel worried herself pale over them, feeling that she could never grasp her lover's complexities, till, at length, she would go and sit on the old wall and talk to Johnnie when he was home.

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For many months Edgar dawdled about among strange peoples, feeling the feelings that he had counted on feeling—perhaps a few more. The glamour of the East was upon him, and he dawdled by degrees across the central provinces of India, and by the shining sea, and along the fascinating Ganges, fiddling when the fiddling mood was on him, dreaming when the dreaming mood was on him, till he dawdled at length into Burmah, sunny, languorous Burmah! And here the alluring East became irresistible, and the dawdling became lingering, and the fiddle sobbed its most exquisite notes without effort, and the spell of the land and the people lulled him as with magic.

Inspiration! A man could not help being inspired! The days, the nights, the sun, the moon, the seas, the palms! Was there ever such a land! Was there, indeed, any land at all behind or beyond Burmah? Edgar Opp had forgotten; the spice-laden air had lulled his brain; he lounged in indolent ecstasy through each hour as it came. There was nothing to desire.

There was nothing to desire! Edgar fiddled a slumber-song and dreamed among the palms. There was nothing to desire! The spicy air wafted, and the sunshine filtered upon him. There was nothing——! Ah!—perhaps one thing! Woman!

Edgar fiddled on among the palms, and dreamed a newer dream.

With the few Europeans in this enchanted spot Edgar had no intercourse; they would be commonplace, he knew. In one letter Ethel had asked if Edgar would like to know an old school-fellow of hers who was settled in Burmah. But Edgar's letters were rhapsodies, not answers to questions; and Ethel dared not take the initiative; it is risky when dealing with an artistic temperament. After one or two ignored advances the Europeans let him alone.

"I'd think more of him if he got sunstroke by trying to hoe up a garden or some other impossible thing to keep him out of mischief," announced Mrs. Tarbuton scornfully to her guests—the other Europeans—as they watched Opp striking across the road beyond the veranda a few weeks after his change of dream.

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One of the men murmured something about the amount of sentiment those music chaps had in them, which had to be worked off in odd ways.

"He'd better stick to his music, then, and work it off homeopathically."

"You don't understand the esthetic nature," returned the man, laughing carelessly as he stretched his limbs which were tired after his day's work.

"I'm afraid I'm beginning to," she said rather gravely. "I seem to have been noticing it lately."

"My innocent recreations are being taken exception to," Geoffrey Tarbuton confided blandly to the sky. At which Mrs. Tarbuton broke into laughter.

"Yours!" she exclaimed as she slid her hand through her husband's arm. "You, indeed!" And Opp being out of sight, the conversation turned.

It was about this time that Edgar ceased writing to Ethel. There his unfortunately commingled nature told against him. Had he been more entirely artistic, or less, he would either not have ceased writing or have had no occasion to cease. As it was, he thought comparatively little of Ethel just now, but when he received her letters he declared to himself: "I can't write to her." And feeling like that, of course he did not write.

The Burmese girl's name was some ridiculous combination of syllables which sounded like Pipi-rah, but may have been quite different. Edgar called her The Mouse, because of her bright, twinkling eyes, so her real name does not matter.

The Mouse was small, and devoted, and entertaining, and most appreciative of good music and her complexion—Edgar had always liked a tint of olive in a girl's cheek. So, his artistic temperament being tickled by the unorthodoxy of the proceeding, Edgar married The Mouse. And the glamour of the East increased. The days passed by uncounted, in sunny, slumberous contentment, and Edgar lay in the warm shade of the palm trees holding the slim fingers of The Mouse, as she crooned her native songs to him, and England——

England! Was there such a place? This wonderful Heaven, this dreamy, exquisite existence were surely the only realities!

It is comforting, however, to know that one man's neglect is insufficient to blot out Empires. Edgar realized this fact one day. He had strolled back to his bachelor quarters and there found an English newspaper directed to him by Ethel's hand. No letter had come from Ethel lately, for though she was fretting her heart out by reason of Edgar's silence, her common sense tried to persuade the heart that Edgar was merely wandering beyond postal arrangements, and instead of consigning her love-letters to chance addresses she sent forth newspapers to assure him of her constancy in case he returned to any of the old addresses.

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With a momentary depression of spirits Edgar tore the wrapper and glanced through the sheets. There was nothing in them to interest an artist; just sordid commerce, police-court squalor, and such like—till he re-turned the sheets and a familiar name caught his eye. Then he dropped on a chair and read of the brilliant success of a man not nearly so clever as himself—praise, appreciation, program—half a column of it in honor of mediocrity.

Quite swiftly the glamour of the East was struck away as if clouded spectacles had been snatched from his eyes. London! London! London! The old noise and jostle and strife. Fame! Fame! Fame! What had he been doing? Dreaming! Wasting!

Ah, how he would play when he stood on that platform! He could draw anything he chose from his violin. Life, Death, Love, Hate. Let them wait till he should come and tell them what music meant!

The Mouse was looking for him when he returned along the road between the rice fields, and he kissed her absently. Then he took his violin and played rapturously, and The

Mouse wept to hear him. She did not know that he was delighting an imaginary London audience.

"My business calls me to—to—Delhi," he announced next day, in the best compromise of two languages upon which he could lay his tongue; and The Mouse, gathering that he meant separation, wept copiously and clung to him. But "business" can never be struggled against; it is a wonderful factor in a man's life, being to him as precious as "headache" to woman.

Edgar left ample money with The Mouse—he had no lack of gold, as may be inferred from the amiability of the grown-ups at Canterbury—and he turned his back upon the enchanted land of palm trees, and Burmese maids, and heathen gods, and journeyed Westward—but not to Delhi.

Some men, of course, having acted indiscreetly as Edgar had acted, would have been able to go back to Ethel and say nothing about The Mouse episode. Other men would have had the courage to tell her all and abide by the issue. Edgar could do neither. That half-and-half nature of his balked him. So he kept away from both women. He resolutely shut out Ethel's face, and the old Canterbury garden, and The Mouse's face, and the spot beneath the palm trees; at least, he tried to.

"Other men have fooled women," he thought impatiently (he was impatient because he was uncomfortable). "They ought to know us by this time."

At any rate, he was conferring knowledge upon two of them.

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Edgar Opp did not swoop at once upon London. He held the common creed of artists as to art in England, and acting upon this creed saw fit to dazzle Vienna, Florence, Berlin and other understanding cities for a year or so before journeying home to take laurels from English hands.

"The English will listen if they are told that I am worth it. They couldn't find out the fact for themselves," he thought half contemptuously, as, at length, he made his preparations for their delight.

He had not forgotten Ethel; he often thought of her, and of himself, trembling, as of a man who had sacrificed himself for art. But as he neared England Ethel's face began to haunt him horribly. It rose metaphorically and smote him. Smiting generally leaves some pain as a result. Edgar felt some pain.

He was well advertised, and Ethel saw the advertisements. There are many fond mistakes an impulsive woman may make when her lover is lost and a mystery is presented in his stead; but Ethel was saved from such by Mrs. Tarbuton. Mrs. Tarbuton knew Ethel as her old school-fellow; she also knew Edgar Opp as the Englishman who had come out and married The Mouse. What she did not know was the engagement between Edgar and Ethel. So, in a gossipy letter she told of the Englishman and the Burmese wife, and a few other matters pertaining thereunto. Ethel, reading, understood, and what had been softness in her heart turned to bitterness and contempt, which is another unpleasant combination.

Opp met with a brilliant reception in London. He fiddled well, and folks declared that a Master had risen. The appreciation was extremely pleasant, and might have gone to prove that the attaining of one's ambition is not always Apple-of-Sodomish, but for one unfortunate thing, viz.: a nasty trick which the Master's brain seemed to play one day; it gave him a shock, at his first concert, too, and he couldn't forget it, nervous, wretched as he was, and fearful of myriads of undefined horrors. What happened one night might happen again.

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What did happen was this: When Opp, glowing with past adulation and confident of future success, stood on the platform bowing and calmly facing the expectant audience ranged in lines before him, suddenly and without any subtle foreknowledge which, in all conscience, any highly strung artist might have been allowed, he saw Ethel, in a white frock just as she used to look, rise far down the hall and face him.

Then she seemed to tremble in a mist before him; the blood rushed to his head, sight failed him, but he could not turn his eyes away. Then as his vision cleared he saw to his horror a vision of The Mouse, curiously small, as if seen through the distance-end of an opera glass, with a white silk scarf about her head. He strained his eyes in wild fear. Then he felt faint; he was certain that he was staggering; but the audience still applauded, and soon the thought hurried on him: "Heavens! I've been standing here hours, bowing like a fool; they'll think me mad!"

With a strength which the occasion forced from him he lifted his violin and drew the bow across the strings; the sound nerved him, and he played with a passion which surprised himself. But he was shaken. Undoubtedly he was shaken.

From that night a ghastly self-distrust sapped Edgar's peace. He feared everything. He feared that his nerve would fail him suddenly; that his power would leave him when he stood playing before an audience; that his brain was going. He looked eagerly at persons as he talked to them, to learn by their faces if his words were nonsense; when they betrayed no sign of it he still feared, cursing the convention which made men and women wear masks. He had seen an impossible vision, there was no doubt of it, and what could it mean but madness?

Edgar took tonics and regular walks, and read articles explaining hallucinations, and he grew rather calmer when three concerts passed without further horror. But the fourth concert set tonics and walks and cock-sure tracts at naught. He saw them again! Ethel and the shrunken Mouse! They looked full upon him! And he closed his lids in terror.

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The recollection of the audience nerved him at last. With an agonized effort he pulled himself together, bowed, fumbled with the music on the stand; then raised his fiddle and began. Dogged will quite new to him and savage rebelliousness saved him from a breakdown, but his eyes remained horrified, and his face was gray.

From that time Opp lived in torment. That moiety of conscience was a torment of redhot knives. He could not sleep; he could not rest. Haggard, shaken, miserable, he lived in momentary expectation of the reappearance of the vision, and at every concert he saw it. Time after time he gripped his hands and vowed inwardly: "I will not look." But his eyes were dragged to it. His tongue rose in his mouth; his heart was as water; but he looked. Each time he forced himself to play he felt that it must be the last; superhuman strength was demanded, and he was growing weaker; fame and reputation were shivering before the downfall. With open eyes he dreaded the vision; with closed eyes it was before him continuously. He had sacrificed two women, and the two women were sacrificing him.

For more than a year Opp stood on platforms and fiddled before rows of men and women. From London he went to the provinces; and the strength that remained in him was concentrated in the hour during which he returned music for money. But it could not last much longer. The hell in which the other three and twenty hours were spent was too ghastly to be endured. His brain was tortured, his wrist failing. "I am dying," he muttered, and his horror increased.

It was in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, that the end came. Edgar felt as he came on the platform that this would be the last time. He stood haggard with fear and looked before him. Ethel was there; The Mouse was beside her. They were looking at him.

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A little cry like that of a baited animal escaped him. Instead of bowing he threw out his arms. The audience applauded, considering it a foreign gesture. Then Edgar saw the familiar vision move and draw nearer, Ethel tall and proud, but The Mouse, shrunken small as a child, at her side.

He leaned forward wildly. They advanced slowly to the front of the area, looking at him fixedly.

With a cry of horror or relief he fell forward over the stand, with his face among the sheets of music.

When Edgar had recovered a little, Ethel went to him in the ante-room where they had taken him.

"Your wife died of plague in Delhi, where she went seeking you," she said clearly. "This is your child. If you like Eastern inspiration you can take this ingredient about with you."

He saw that she was contemptuous. He also saw what seemed to hurt more, that she did not love him.

"You don't know——" he broke out passionately. "You can't understand my nature. Music was everything—all other things seemed small——"

"I understand," she said suavely. "You demonstrate so well. Of course you cannot have your artistic temperament and the respect of the commonplace; still—you have the artistic temperament and a nice little daughter. And you play 'sweet things very nicely,' I frequently hear it said, so you have your rewards."

He winced. Ethel turned, and left him and his child looking at one another with the eyes of strangers, while she went home, at last, to Canterbury, to Johnnie Grant, who, faithful and solid as the garden wall on which he used to sit, was growing impatient for a definite answer to a definite question.

"Yes, be my husband, Johnnie, dear, for I want you," she sobbed; "but oh, be always commonplace! I should *die* of another artist."

"AND YOU
PLAY 'SWEET
THINGS VERY NICELY.'
I FREQUENTLY HEAR IT SAID.
SO YOU HAVE YOUR REWARDS"

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Mr. Thompson and the Elk

ONE of the men of the hour is Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, who has made himself famous as a naturalist while still a very young man. For a few months this year he lived in New York, where he and Mrs. Thompson are credited with possessing one of the most artistic studios in this country.

Mr. Thompson is a writer as well as a naturalist; and so thoroughly does he understand the habits of animals and birds, that various humanitarian societies throughout the country have employed him to lecture before audiences of boys and girls as to the treatment of those creatures usually, and some that are not generally, domesticated.

But about the beginning of May the young naturalist usually starts on his way to those localities he loves best—the forests of the Rockies and the wildernesses of British Columbia. There he studies the winged and the four-footed inhabitants, collecting live specimens, and never killing except when absolutely necessary.

An incident of Mr. Thompson's career will illustrate how loth he is to kill any creature. Several years ago, in British America, he sighted an elk and found it to be just such a specimen as he needed for study. He followed its trail for eighteen nights and nineteen days. The exhaustion and intense excitement of the chase had changed the calm, level-headed naturalist into an emaciated, feverish and unstrung man who had already reached the first stages of delirium.

Mr. Thompson never wavered in his determination to study at close range this particular specimen, and he realized that if he continued the hunt he himself would succumb to the strain or else go mad. So he shot the animal at last, saving his health and mind, but as he bent over the dying elk he felt the bitterest regret that up to that time he had ever experienced.

"I should DIE *of another artist"*

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The Egregious Now

ESTEEMED contemporaneousness is growing apace, but there is in it a lurking contempt of the past. To esteem a man because he is coincident with you is, after all, only a cheap and easy fraternization, but it exactly fits the egregious nowness of the hour.

The world of to-day appears to be shouting through a telephone to itself, "Hello, there; are you abreast of the times?" To be "in touch" with events is the very best guarantee of wide-awake smartness, and it is hardly possible, in the rush of events, to pick and choose. We must sidle up to all of them as they come. But the continuous endeavor results very often in malformation and malinformation. The man's incessant cognitions trample on his reflections like a mob, and he becomes a receiver instead of an adjuster. Such is the up-to-date reverberating machine that is "in touch" with all that is, and all that threatens. He hasn't time to be in sympathy with anything that was, or that ought to be, and this means that he is standing and thrilling on the edge of a precipice without knowing or caring how he got there.

There can be no sort of doubt that the over-contemporaneous man is in danger ultimately of losing the power of reflection entirely. He has, it is true, so far arrived only at the indisposition to reflect. The inability will come later. We see signs of this in his plays, in his literature, in his sermons, in his newspapers, and even in his society, all of which are cunningly adapting themselves to meet his requirements. He grows restless if his drama drops from action to sentiment, or soars away into poetry, and he will not care for it unless it is up to date in material. Undoubtedly the world's best plays belong to the past, but the plays of the past become every year greater strangers in the popular repertory.

He demands that his literature shall not be "preachy"—that is to say, it must not discuss, or philosophize, or deduce. It must get on with events, and the events must not be mouldy, either. As for the newspaper, he is already banishing its page of opinions in favor of its pages of news. He has lost the disposition to hear the news discussed or interpreted. It must *drift* through the conduit of his mind and make way for to-morrow's news.

That this pressure of multitudinous circumstance, if unopposed, will seriously modify the coming man, there can be no question. He will gain in quickness and superficial smartness, and lose in disciplined judgment. His cognitive faculties will become hypertrophied and his reflective faculties atrophied. The constant endeavor to feel all the pulsations of the entire race will so tire him that he will not care to discern, much less to measure, the paths by which the race has come. And like the actor that he is, in this tumultuous scene-shifting he will grow weary and restless if he but tries to think it all over and misses the stimuli of shifting lights and nervous shocks.

To all this hurly-burly of the now the past comes like the beneficent and star-lit ocean of the night after the garish and exacting day. Always the distracted scholar may lay his cheek against this other world with its still shining lights and grow serenely wiser amid its awful perspectives.

—A. C. WHEELER (NYM CRINKLE).

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Deep down in the hearts of the American politicians is joy over the fact that the new colonies will always furnish campaign issues when home reforms get too troublesome to handle.

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The Passing of the Blasé Man

AMONG the recent disappearances from American fiction is the blasé man. Who does not remember this poseful person, who had seen everything, heard everything, felt everything, and tired of everthing, looking with a cold and pitying smile upon the enthusiasms of the uninitiated, and awaiting with a fine insouciance the destruction of other people's hopes and dreams? He was a handsome dog in his way, well bred (we had the author's word for it), charming if he chose (he didn't choose), and capable of distinction in any of the fine pursuits to which he was too indifferent to turn his hand.

Of course he was the hero of the book, and the heroine, a naive, sincere, tender and lovable child-woman, came into his life and smashed every unbelief in his cynical china shop, made his heart beat twice where it had beaten only once before, convinced him of the realities, and set him energetically at work in the world of action, where he won the spurs that had been hung up for him so long, and the right to continue at work for her indefinitely.

As we contemplate the blasé man of fiction at his present receding distance he appears a rather pinchbeck fellow, and we wonder a little why we ever permitted him to impose upon us. Relieved of the glamour with which the author surrounded both him and us, we see that he either was not so blasé as he was painted, or that he did not accomplish the things with which he was credited. We are inclined to the conviction that he adopted the pose for the sole purpose of winning the naive young woman, knowing in his artful heart that she was bound at first to be attracted by his affected cynicism, and at last to be captured by the flattery of his apparent surrender to her tender optimism.

The really blasé man, if there could be such a thing, would not walk in contented nonchalance along a thorn-strewn path; he would not awaken to accomplishment through the influence of an emotion which he had worn out and could not feel; he would not even win the hearts of naive young women. He would be a nervous, dissatisfied, disappointed man, vacuous as to ideas, dispiriting and uncompanionable. Aware that there was nothing left for him to enjoy, he yet would constantly seek enjoyment and as constantly be irritated by his disappointment. It is not in human nature to take with a charming indifference the loss of everything that makes life worth living, and so this Wandering Jew of human interest would go roving about the earth, a burden to himself and a warning to his kind.

But fortunately this Frankenstein is, we must believe, as purely a creature of the imagination as the airy young man who in the novel is so contented in his discontent. In this world of incessant recreation there is no such thing as an utter loss of interest and desire so long as reason holds her sway. While much is ephemeral and disappointing, there are many things which are elemental, enduring, satisfying. From the desire for food and the enjoyment in its gratification, up to the craving for the beautiful and the joy of satisfying it, there is a scale of interests which pass only to return—which, indeed, not only die to be born again, but in many instances grow in value and attractiveness as the recurrent procession of desire and fulfillment advances.

When the artist tires of art, the business man of money, the statesman of ambition, the politician of intrigue, the philanthropist of charity, and when the abstract mutual interest of men and women in each other has passed away, the really blasé man may appear. Let us hope we may not be called upon to wait for him.

—FRED NYE.

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It is astonishing how many able and capable American diplomatists there are who are willing to pay handsomely for the privilege of serving their country. And yet the number increases with every change of administration.

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Protecting the Nation's Health

IF A MERCHANT make large profits out of short weights and measures and adulterated goods, it does not add to his value to the community to have him a generous leader in religious and philanthropic enterprises. He is simply robbing the foundations of principle and character to purchase a temporary public prominence, and his influence is doubly evil because he constantly tempts his competitors to illegitimate expedients, and vitiates reputation by forcing himself forward as an example of dishonest gain purchasing position and respectability. Even when this successful man—successful from the financial standpoint—leaves a million or two to found an institution with his name emblazoned upon it, the usefulness of the enterprise is poor atonement for the viciousness of his business life. It cannot mitigate the effect upon every young man starting out in life who beholds in the benefaction an incentive to conscienceless money-getting.

If this merchant were to eat his adulterations himself, or even if he should feed his family upon them—although he would hardly be as inhuman as that—we might excuse him on the point of personal liberty, and he and his might go to their indigestion and pepsin tablets and early graves in their own unhappy way. But when he imposes upon innocent customers, and fills their bodies with unhealthy chemicals, and clothes their backs with false pretensions, and takes their money for things that are not as they seem, he is not only a thief but a public enemy, who poisons the very currents of trade. It goes further than this; if he is allowed by the other merchants to continue his nefarious traffic without a heroic endeavor on their part to stop it and punish him, he becomes, and his methods become, a criterion by which they are judged.

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As it is with individuals, so it is with the countries, and the United States is beginning to reap some of the results. Never was adulteration as great in this country as now. Never was it so ably defended by every resource of cash and counsel. For years it has multiplied in private ways—individual crimes here and there—until it has networked the country, and, having grown bold on its millions, feels itself strong enough to combine against the morality of business and the good name of the nation. There is no question whatever about the facts. The Congressional committee has collected a mass of them. Reputable journals have exposed them time and again. Chemists possess vast quantities of testimony. Foreign Governments have taken cognizance of the matter to the injury of American reputation in every corner of the globe. We blame our friends across the sea for absurd restrictions upon our trade, and yet we allow as fine a lot of swindlers as ever lived outside of prison walls to ply their trade unhampered. From embalmed beef that poisoned the troops to condensed milk that kills the babies, the whole gamut of criminality is run.

It is not enough to say (and the statement is perfectly true) that the great mass of American products are pure and that the vast majority of American producers and merchants are honest. The fact which compromises all is the impunity with which the adulterators are allowed to do their work, the liberty with which the sellers of adulterated goods are permitted to cheat the public. It is necessary not only for the safety of our own people but for the interests of trade itself that the honest man fight the dishonest man, that they free themselves from the charge that they condone the crimes by allowing them, that they use the means best adapted to the end—a stringent national law.

In some of the States there have been measures of one kind or another in this direction, but they have mainly led to much litigation, and the evil has prospered. Now the time has come for Congress to act, and the whole moral sentiment of the country, with the united support of the press and business office, should aid the measure that is more necessary to the public health than a quarantine law, and which is absolutely demanded by our commerce if we expect to hold our own in the markets of the world.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

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There is one consolation for the anti-monopoly millions. No trust-maker can ever be elected President.

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The Lost Art of Conversation

IT IS high time that some one in authority announced that reading is not the *summum bonum* of life. The very act of reading is unsocial. It is a kind of melancholy barbarism. If you look about you in a railway train, in a street car or 'bus you will observe that every one is reading—men, women, and even the innocent little children. Silent, glum, their eyes glued to book or paper, they sit there, like so many savages brooding in a jungle. Where are the jolly conversations that Washington Irving and Dickens overheard in the stage-coaches of the long ago? Where is the cheery sociability that once made traveling a liberal education?

Conversation is in the way of becoming a lost art—like the making of mummies and the laying of the great auk's egg. We have such a precious deal of reading to do that conversation is out of the question. We have no time to talk. We have no leisure for comparing ideas as to the weather. It is not impossible to imagine a day when "How late the spring is!" and "Doesn't it look like rain?" will be quite obsolete. We are reading ourselves into a silent race. When we stay at home we read; we travel to read. In lonely forests, on far-away mountain peaks, aship, ashore, our generation wanders—and reads. At this very moment some one is reading in the desert of the Sahara and another is reading as he treks the African veldt, and Andrée himself is ice-bound near the Pole, reading.

Before long monastic institutions for the undisturbed pursuit of reading will doubtless arise all over the land. Reading is the superstition of the day. The amount of printed matter we have read is accounted to us for a sort of righteousness. I stopped to watch some boys playing baseball the other day. There was a duffer at the bat, and the little left-fielder pulled a paper from his hip pocket and began to read. General Shafter, it is averred, lay in a hammock and directed the battle, at odd moments dipping his nose into the newspapers.

Conversation is decaying and we are degenerating into unsocial silence. This is not a negligible danger. Man's chief duty—his unending duty—the proper aim of life—is to talk. Soldiers fight, statesmen plan, artists paint, poets rhyme merely that they may talk and be talked about. Men live nobly in order to have fine topics of conversation. Books are written not so much to be read as to be talked over.

The decay of conversation is a ready-made subject for the critically minded man. The divergence between the written and spoken language is growing wider every day. We talk in a sort of telegraphic slang. No sane man would think of introducing into his conversation the phrases and words of the written language. Very little of the spoken language gets into print. In the end the books will beat the tongues. Already we exchange ideas with printed pages—not with our fellow-men—and I foresee the dismal day when even our present emasculated conversation will be superfluous. We shall read our way in silence from the cradle to the grave.

—VANCE THOMPSON.

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The gallantry that regulates its courtesy by the age of the lady needs attention.

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Is a Horseless Age Coming?

WE ARE very fond of jumping at conclusions. It has been easy for us, therefore, in view of certain facts, to entertain the idea that we were upon the eve of a horseless age. The facts alluded to are the substitution of other and newer forces for the old-fashioned horse power.

For propelling street cars in cities and towns the horse has quite gone out of fashion, and now the bounding trolley is being used almost universally. By this substitution there is no doubt whatever that so many horses have been thrown out of work that the average price of horses in the United States has fallen more than one-half. Fifteen years ago the average value of horses in this country was in the neighborhood of seventy-five dollars; now it is only about thirty-five dollars.

This immense falling off is having an effect in reducing the number of horses bred. It represents also a tremendous loss in wealth, for the horses in the United States are worth five hundred million dollars less than they were seven or eight years ago. This loss in large measure falls on the farmers.

It has therefore been very easy for us to conclude that the horse was rapidly becoming obsolete and that a horseless age was fast upon us. With this conclusion, we have arrived at another that is very charming to contemplate. Without horses in the cities we are to have smooth pavements, clean streets, and be unvexed by the unceasing noise of street traffic which some of our doctors tell us is playing sad havoc with our nerves and banishing that peace whence spring amiability, composure and restfulness.

This is very lovely, and no doubt we shall experience in the near future many of the things that we now imagine. At present, however, the trolleys and the automobiles, which we call horseless carriages, are not silent by a great deal. They make noises that are to some as objectionable as the beat of horses' feet and the rattle of wheels over the stones. The electric cars and wagons are new, however, and surely capable of improvement.

But these facts do not indicate the approach of a horseless age by any means, for these are not all the facts. The value of horses in general has fallen, but the price of a good horse is as high as ever. A good coach horse, saddle horse or driving horse cannot be bought to-day for less than the same class of horse commanded twenty or ten years ago, while thoroughbreds and trotters fetch on the average as much as at any previous time. Moreover, in the past two years the average price of horses has risen a little, while the total number has not decreased. But there is a lesson in this for farmers and other breeders of horses. The common horse is likely to fall rather than rise in value, and be always a greater source of loss.

In the horse of quality there will always be profit. It seems, therefore, that good husbandry would counsel the raising of fewer but better horses. The idea that we would ever consent to do without the horse seems too preposterous to consider seriously, and it appears to me that we are as far away to-day from the horseless age as ever we were, unless we take into account the fact, if it be a fact, that we are always nearer to the end of all things.

—JNO. GILMER SPEED.

A SOLDIER'S VIEW OF A WARLESS WORLD

By NELSON A. MILES

MAJOR-GENERAL COMMANDING UNITED STATES ARMY

THE Rescript addressed to all the Powers by Nicholas II, Emperor and autocrat of all the Russias, would naturally attract the most earnest attention of the thoughtful people of all nations; and while some have been accustomed to look upon the Russian Government as a harsh despotism, and the sovereign as an autocrat so far removed from the people as to be unmindful of their best interests, yet there are others, more familiar with that remarkable people and with the ruling sovereign, who realize that the manifesto was published to the world with all sincerity and from motives which are believed to be in the interest of mankind

When one sees a result, one naturally studies its cause, or follows it back to its source, in order to ascertain, if possible, what influences have prompted the purpose or motive which has brought about that result.

Let us consider for a moment the present condition of the Russian Empire. The Great Corsican prophesied that in a certain number of years Europe would be either Republican or Cossack We have not seen the fulfillment of that prophecy, yet we see in the history of that great Empire a gradual development and progress that has commended itself to the people of the original State and the provinces which it has absorbed They, in the main, are satisfied with their system of government, and they appreciate the advantages that they have gained with slow and steady tread in the progress to enlightenment. They are also proud of their achievements and their history. They are proud of their attainments in art, literature, science, and especially in war.

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Eighty-seven years ago the people of Russia realized that they were contending against a genius in warfare, who had gathered up from the south of Europe a vast army to invade their country, with the expectation that, when he had captured their capital, they would be as submissive and as subservient to his dynasty and power as the people of other nations and countries which he had conquered. He little realized the fortitude and patriotism of the Russian people. Their strategy was most commendable when they withdrew and permitted Napoleon to invade and penetrate as far as possible into the interior, to give him battle as they did on the field of Borodino, where was fought one of the most desperate and sanguinary battles of history, and where the invader was made to realize the courage and fortitude of the Russian soldiery

It is true that the invader's arms were successful, yet the victory was won at great sacrifice, and, as the result shows, was not decisive. Napoleon had not counted upon the patriotism of the Russian people. Although his Army occupied the capital, where he hoped to remain during the winter, he little dreamed of the spirit of the Russians, who were willing to sacrifice their beautiful city in order to destroy the Imperial Army of invasion. It is said that although hundreds of Russians were shot while lighting the fires of destruction, their determination could not be suppressed. What followed the burning of the city was simply appalling. In that zone which was the line of invasion, and now became the line of retreat, every hamlet, every means of shelter, and every pound of food for man or beast was destroyed by the Russians; and both flanks and rear of the retreating Army were harassed day and night by the hardy Cossacks and the sturdy Russians, until death and destruction overshadowed the host that a few months before was considered all-powerful

In that disastrous campaign the Imperial Army of France lost 125,000 men slain in battle; 13,000 died from fatigue, hunger and the severity of the climate, and 193,000 were made prisoners. The Russians now point with pride to the long lines of brass and bronze cannon—three hundred and sixty five in number—arranged in rows outside the Kremlin, as all that remains of the Imperial Army that invaded Russia, as an object-lesson to future ambitious usurpers.

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What now seems most to interest the Russian people is their own development and enlightenment. While we may see some acts to criticise in the history of the dynasty, we find that the good done by successive Czars seems to live after them and be appreciated by the living

They tell us that Catherine and Ivan the Terrible did certain things that promoted the welfare of the Russian people, and where do we find a more magnanimous, humane, noble deed than that which was enacted in that quiet room of the Kremlin, the palace at Moscow, on February 19, 1861, when Alexander II gave freedom to 22,000,000 registered males, who were then in a condition of serfdom?

From what I have read, and what I have learned through the pleasure of a personal audience with the present Emperor, I believe that he is in earnest in his desire to promote peaceful relations between the nations of the earth, and to lessen the burdens of government not only of his own but of other peoples; and in looking for the reasons for such a purpose we should naturally note the principal causes

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Nicholas II is a student and a statesman, as well as a soldier. He was interested in intellectual and civil affairs before he became Emperor In fact, he passed over the great zone of the Siberian Railroad, he being then, as now, President of the company. By temperament he naturally favors the development of that great enterprise and others of like nature that tend to promote the welfare of his Government and of the Russian people. He must realize that, in order to carry forward and complete that greatest of civil enterprises, now in progress, and extend its great arms over that vast territory, rich in natural resources, yet undeveloped, and as unknown as was the zone of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroads in our country, enormous revenues will be required; to prosecute such enterprises and sustain them will also take money the Czar must realize that it is good business policy to lessen the unnecessary and almost useless expenditures for maintaining the present great Army of Russia, and divert the saving to the other and worthier object of developing the material resources of the Empire

There is still another influence at work—the power behind the throne. It is that silent and gentle influence which is most commendable, most highly respected by the Russian people, that is so expressive and unmistakable in the face of her within whose veins courses the blood of Victoria, and who, as far as I can learn, has lent her influence to promote every humane enterprise to benefit the people with whom she is by sacred bonds united

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While it is not understood or believed that the Emperor desires or expects to go from one extreme to the other—that is, from the equipment and splendid discipline and efficiency of great Imperial armies to absolute disarmament, which would result in chaos and anarchy, yet he is undoubtedly sincere in advising a more judicious use of the great revenues of the country than are now perceptible in his own and other lands

I believe that such a principle is practicable. One of our great statesmen, Charles Sumner, many years ago, considered the one effort of his life was his great oration in which he advocated a congress of nations for the settlement and arbitration of great international questions. I have for years, in my own humble way, advocated the advisability of fixing a standard which would give us a certain percentage of educated men, trained and skilled in the art of war, commensurate with the necessities of the nation, its needs and requirements, and I believe that to carry out such a principle would be wise and judicious and in the best interests of peace and harmony. Of course a physical force is absolutely essential to maintain any form of government—be it national, state or municipal—either in times of peace or war. The necessity of the power to enforce legal proceedings is apparent, it matters not how insignificant the civil authority may be, from the magistrate of a country village to the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

What seems to be most essential is that the best thought and the best efforts of the generous and wise should all be directed to devise a measure that will give to the people of this and other countries the largest degree of liberty, of happiness and of prosperity, with the least burden of government or force requisite to maintain their rights, liberties and welfare.

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A social leader at the Capital announced over her teacup the other afternoon that she always knew Admiral Dewey would become a great man

"But why?" asked an interested listener—"why did you think so?"

"Because," responded the social personage impressively and in a confidential tone, "he always paid his dinner-calls. Invariably expect great things of a man who is punctilious in making his dinner-calls. Little men are, without exception, indifferent to the small amenities."

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Of the thirty-two Speakers of the House of Representatives, Tom Reed—as his friends and constituents invariably speak of him—was far and away the most powerful, not excepting his fellow-statesman, James G. Blaine, although he lacks in a marked degree the personal magnetism that characterized his distinguished predecessor Mr. Reed leaves a deep impression upon society in Washington, and his proposed retirement and personality are the main topics of conversation at the Capital, where the question of who will succeed the big man from Maine is naturally a vital one.

The former Speaker rarely opens his mouth that some witticism does not come out of it. Some of these are old worn, some are fresh, all are good. On one occasion a new member, asked to deliver a eulogy upon a deceased colleague whom he had never known, sought out the Speaker in great trepidation of mind

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I did not know X——; you did. Please tell me what I had better say about him

"Say," drawled Mr. Reed, the humorous expression so characteristic of him sparkling in his eyes, "say anything except the truth."

In the last campaign Mr. Reed was illustrating to a big audience in one of the rural districts of Maine the effect of the Wilson tariff upon sheep raising

"Three years ago," he said, "you had seven thousand sheep in this town, and you got twenty four cents a pound for your wool. Now you have three thousand nine hundred, and you get ten cents a pound for your wool."

"Twelve cents, twelve cents," corrected some one.

"Well," said the Speaker, a shrewd smile illuminating his face, "you can always retail what I tell you at a profit"

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Mr. Reed's contempt for the Senate is well known; indeed, he never misses an opportunity to give a quiet dig to the chamber at the other end of the Capitol. On one occasion he terminated an article on a former colleague in the following characteristic manner: "His reputation gained in the House translated him to the Senate, and then he became a Senator."

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Min Yong Whan, cousin of the late Queen of Korea, one time member of the King's cabinet, and one of the most prominent of the statesmen of the Hermit Kingdom, is shortly to succeed Ye Pom Chin as Korean Minister to this Government He was special representative of the King at London during the Queen's Jubilee. Like the majority of Eastern men, he is small and slender, but he has a face of such rare intellectuality that he would be noted in any crowd.

His uniform, plentifully decked with bullion, and his plumed chapeau made him a conspicuous figure in the Jubilee procession. He was pointed out to many of the onlookers the King of Korea

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The President's memory is said to rival that of the late Mr. Blaine, who never forgot a face and rarely a name. Not long ago a citizen of the West sent one of his clerks to Washington for the purpose of delivering into the hands of the Executive a paper of great importance. Two days before the time set for the interview Mr. Blank met the President on Pennsylvania Avenue and, recognizing him from his pictures, saluted him. The President amiably bowed in return At the appointed time, when the stranger presented himself in the library of the White House, Mr. McKinley advanced toward him, and grasping him cordially by the hand, said:

"I am glad to see you again, sir."

"But, Mr. President," responded the messenger, "I think we have never met before"

"Oh, yes," returned the President, "last Tuesday, about five o'clock, on Pennsylvania Avenue."

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Senator Frye, of Maine, whose work on the Peace Commission brought him so prominently before the country, is a devoted follower of Izaak Walton, and the happiest and most satisfactory time of the year to him is that which he spends in his cabin on Mooselookmaguntic Lake, where he sits for hours each day under the shade of a friendly tree, tempting the wary trout from the cool bottoms of the pools. Mr Frye naturally wears on these outings a costume suited to the occupation, and his appearance at Mooselookmaguntic is hardly what one would expect of an eminent statesman. During his last trip to that picturesque region, a rustic in the vicinity made a trip of several miles to see his Senator, who is very popular in Maine

"Lord a massy," he confided to a friend, in recounting the story of his trip, "if I'd 'a' known that Senator Frye was such an ornery lookin' cuss, I'd 'a' stayed at home!"

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Señor Don José Andrade, who is now [illegible] which country he is also accredited, has won the eternal gratitude of all loyal Venezuelans because of his work on the Arbitration Treaty, which was signed during his incumbency, and for the successful outcome of which he is as much responsible as any one person. Shortly before Señor Andrade's departure one of his enthusiastic countrymen invited a noted politician to call upon his Minister.

"You mus' see him, Mr. Sen'tor," insisted the South American. "He big man. He grat big man," emphasizing his remarks by putting his hand far above his head. "We don't have no bigger man in Venezuela dan Señor Andrade"

Senator X—— finally consented to go, expecting, as he subsequently admitted, to meet a colossus. "Imagine my surprise," he said in recounting the visit, "to be presented to a man rather under than over the average size. We had, however, a charming visit, and I was delighted with the quick wit and responsiveness of the Minister, and impressed with the reserve power he gave evidence of possessing; but when we were again in the open I could not refrain from asking my companion, 'What did you mean by saying that Señor Andrade was a big man? He would be counted a little man in this country. Tom Reed would make two of him'

"'Not in ze hade, not in ze hade,' expostulated my Venezuelan friend. 'Andrade he big in ze hade. Ze body it mak' no difference in my country.'"

The Circle of a Century

Part I—In Old New York

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON

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Chapter III

FROM the moment when Job Watson with his wife and baby had quitted his birthplace in a green hillside village in the North of Ireland, to take packet for America, it had been his resolve to own land in the New World.

To that end all else was subordinated. The foot of a stocking serving to hold shillings, wrenched from his scant wages, gave place in time to a strong box of his own fabrication, wherein guineas were hoarded until transferred to the bank.

After his wife's death and his daughter's engagement in the service of Madam Hope left him free from such minor consideration as the care of womankind, Job toiled until his ambition was attained. He became the proprietor of a small house standing amid several acres of field and orchard on the east side of the island, some three miles out of town. It was just above where the tunnel of the Fourth Avenue Railway now sees passengers speeding in swift trolley cars, underground and out, to the Grand Central Station and upper Madison Avenue.

The locality, while isolated, was on high ground close to one of the main arteries of coach travel into the interior of the State. Job's dwelling, although he would have preferred a different style of architecture, happened to be a trim little crow gabled cottage of Dutch pattern, standing amid fruit trees now flushed with apple blooms. The bowery surrounding it was under fair cultivation, and in the outbuildings Job had already installed a cow, two pigs, an oldish horse bought cheap, and a miscellany of ducks and geese and chickens.

Beneath a pear tree in the yard he had placed a couple of beehives in deference to his one sentimental recollection of early youth in the old country—that of his weeping mother going out to whisper to the bees that his little brother had passed out of life. A few lilac bushes and straggling syringas stood between the doorstone and the gate leading in from a rough road that straggled up from the public highway. Job's east windows, whether shining in the morning sun, jet black in the shadows of afternoon, or vaguely red at night from the economical glow within, were a sort of pharos to the neighbors scattered on the lower grounds to the southward, or nearer the East River.

Few of those neighbors felt tempted to go up the hill on fellowship intent. Job's temper was not hospitable, even when they carried him a nice job of carpentry, or when some fine piece of furniture belonging to the gentry, for which an ordinary craftsman would not suffice, was sent on from the shop whither it had been taken for repair. For Job would no longer work with journeymen, and kept his tools sharp more from habit than conscience.

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The feet that oftenest came up the hilly road were those of Luke Adamson, a young man after Job's own pattern in the matter of thrift and industry. He was a tall, brown, heavy-featured fellow of thirty, slow of speech, slow of action, but possessed of a dogged determination to carry to an end things begun. Having already laid up a respectable sum of money in his trade as joiner, and bought for himself a little house, some of Job's old customers had learned to resort to him, and more were coming. In his begrudging way, Job certainly favored Adamson more than any other of his acquaintances.

People thought this was on account of Luke's having come out of the same county with the Watsons, although at a later date. Common speculation pointed to a marriage between the stalwart youngster and Job's fine lady daughter, since they had been seen together walking after church in the wake of Eve's sombre sire. With the "good will and fixtures" of his father-in-law's trade, and Luke's capacity for work, to say nothing of Eve's needlework and patronage among the great families of the town, Adamson's chances were considered to be pretty well assured.

But nobody envied Luke his prospects. To live in that relation with crabbed Master Watson was a pill few young men were prepared to swallow. And most of them considered it a risky business to take up with a wife trained among the gentlefolk. On the rare occasions when the girl relapsed into association with her own class, she made them feel their deficiencies and fidget for an easier going comrade.

Public opinion condemned Job's cupidity for sending his girl away from him to earn her bread, instead of keeping her to make tidy his own hearthstone.

Eligible females who had previously aspired in vain to perform that function were wont to say that Mr. Watson was a hard man in more ways than one, and they pitied the poor thing, be she the wife or daughter, that would have to keep house for him. Young and old combined to decide that Luke Adamson would rue the day when he tried to get a piece of porcelain to stand upon his shelf, instead of the work a day delft everywhere to be had for the asking.

Adamson, apparently, did not covet delft. He defied his critics in the exasperating way of men who in all ages have followed their own perverted ideas about selecting wives. From the beginning of their acquaintance he had loved Eve with the full strength of his tenacious heart. For her sake he had submitted to the yoke of Job, until he had won that far-seeing parent to look upon him as a son and the literal prop of his old age. When Eve stood beside her father in his pew at church—looking, the people said, like a Governor's, or at least a General's, lady—Luke gazed at her from a distance, yearning for the day when he should have amassed the sum of money Job required to see laid down before he would give consent to their marriage.

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After service Adamson used to join the Watsons and walk with them to the door of the Hope mansion, where they parted in the street. Job did not ask his daughter to go home with him oftener than once a month, since it was too far for her to walk both ways, and he liked his horse and cart to be idle on the Sabbath.

Luke's best outlet for a lover's feelings was to bestow upon his fair one bunches of wild blossoms from the woods on the upper part of the island, or to leave at the Hopes' back door strings of fish of his taking and game of his shooting. He was surprised at the animation of her thanks for these latter favors. How could he imagine that whilst the flowers went to deck Mrs. Hope's room, the edibles, after passing through old Chloe's hands, were transferred on silver dishes and platters of costly china to furnish forth the meagre table of Eve's employers.

And here comes in Eve's secret, hoarded jealously in her faithful breast—a secret she would have died rather than reveal to Laurence Hope. For more than a year past she had been not only receiving no wages from his parents, but in order to supply them with needed delicacies and comforts was surreptitiously engaged by night and at odd moments in fulfilling commissions in needlework from the dames of high society.

Strange caprice of heredity that implanted in Job Watson's child this spirit of tenderest self sacrifice! Eve's delight when she found herself able to give to these poor gentlefolk dependent on her care, and half unconscious of their decadent fortune, was rapturous. Her position as manager of finances enabling her to act without fear of interference, her chief dread had been that in some way Laurence might find out a fact so humiliating to his pride. But Laurence had never been taken into his parents' confidence about their affairs, and Eve exerted all her powers to keep him ignorant. Anything rather than cut down the slender income with which the Captain supported the family honors before the world!

Another source of anxiety was the forced diminution of the sum her father had always exacted from her earnings to lay aside, as he said, until her marriage day. To provide this and fulfill the other claims upon her slender purse taxed her to the utmost. Job, indignant at her supposed decrease of pay, had seriously threatened to take her away from service altogether, and to marry her to Adamson. Only last Sunday he had told her that he would soon demand her release from the Hopes.

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And Eve, torn by conflicting emotions, now felt herself doubly a guilty creature, in that not only had she held back from her father a "part of her price," but concealed from him, as from Hope's parents, her far greater offense in exchanging vows of affection with Laurence! It was under this double burden that she bent!

Oppressed by these reflections, and filled with poignant grief that the hour had come for parting with her lover—with whom she had hardly exchanged a word during their drive—Eve quitted the coach at the foot of the hill upon which stood her father's cottage. By the light of a horn lantern lent her by the friendly coachman, and carrying her bag in the other hand, she began picking her way up the uneven surface of a short cut to the top of the ascent.

In vain had Laurence urged her again to let him go with her and at least explain to Job that her parting with his family involved nothing to her discredit. Eve's common sense convinced him that he was the last advocate to plead his cause with success. But his parting words were: "Remember, I consider myself bound."

He pressed her hand and watched the glimmer of her lantern recede farther and farther up the path, until it reached the crest of the hill, where it hovered for a moment, uncertainly, before the gleam of Job's taper shooting out through the uncurtained pane to meet it. Then it went out altogether, and Laurence, with a heavy sigh, gave the order to drive back to town.

When he reached town, paid and dismissed the driver, and walked home, gloom filled his heart. Letting himself into the silent old house, he mounted the wide, winding stairs, which from above surrounded a well of darkness that seemed to be peopled with phantoms of the past. On the upper landing he tapped at the door of a chamber converted, for the use of the invalids, into an upstairs parlor.

No answer! Pushing the door open, he stepped into the dimly lighted room. The noise of his entrance roused from napping the old man sitting amid the pillows of his easy-chair, before a handful of wood embers in a grate.

For her sake he had submitted to the yoke of Job, until he had won that far-seeing parent to look upon him as a son and the literal prop of his old age

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"You're back at last, Eve?" asked a querulous voice. "Deuce take it if I know what has bewitched this house to-day. Old Chloe seems to have gone out of her wits. She came in here just now and babbled something about your being out, and the supper late, and my wife ailing. Now you are here, all's right, lassie. No wine whey or slops for me, remember. Get me something savory——"

"It is I, father; not Eve——" began Laurence, but was interrupted peevishly.

"And where's Eve, pray? The only person in the house that's got a head on her shoulders! What does everybody mean by leaving me here alone? Not that I'm not glad to see you, Laurie, my boy, but it's a brisk little woman who can trot about, and make things comfortable, that a man needs most when he comes to be where I am. Goin' to the ball, eh? Dropped in to show me your fine new uniform, have you? Begad, you're a good-looking fellow, sir, if I do say it. A figure like mine when I was your age. Make my respects to His Excellency, the President, and say I would wait on him to-night—but—Eve, Eve, I say. Is my supper never comin'?"

While Laurence in his awkward way attempted to do for his father the things he had seen Eve accomplish with so light a touch, old Chloe, carrying a tray, hurried into the room.

"Thank the Lawd, you're here, Marse Laurie," she exclaimed, then added in a tone meant for his ear alone, "We ain't dared let old Master know yet."

"My mother—she is ill?" he said in the same undertone, struck with foreboding by her sombre air.

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"Oh, sir, you haven't heard? And we have been sending everywhere to find you. Step outside in the entry, sir, till I give old Master his food; and I'll tell you all."

"I will go to her room at once," he said impatiently.

"No, sir, please not now, Marse Laurie. Some one's in there you wouldn't like to meet. Oh! honey, for Gawd's sake, don't let poor old Master know till he's had his supper and night's rest."

Despite her whispered pleadings, Laurence went out and strode across the hall to his mother's door. It was locked, but in answer to his knock a strange, grim woman came out to meet him.

"She's quite ready now, Captain, and looking beautiful," said the functionary, pursing her lips with professional pride. "Twenty years younger, anybody'd say, and a treat to see her smile."

"Marse Laurie, dear, I wanted to spare you this," exclaimed the old slave woman, hobbling in pursuit of him.

"When did it occur?" he asked in a voice that did not seem his own.

"We don't know exactly, honey. My poor lady had hot words with Miss Eve and ordered her out of the house. After Miss Eve left, my mistress came in here and told me to keep away. 'Bout an hour later, when old Master told me to call her for a game of cribbage, I found her lying half across the bed. She must have thrown herself down to cry. She couldn't ha' lived without Miss Eve, poor dear. I could ha' told her that. We sent for the doctors, but 'twas some time before we got 'em here. 'Twas the heart, they said. There warn't anything earthly could ha' saved her. But don't you think we didn't try to find you, honey—for we did."

Laurence, shaking the affectionate old creature off, went inside and closed the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

—"Eve, Eve, I say. Is my supper never comin'?"

Editor's Note—*The story began in the Post of June 1. The previous chapters can be procured from the publishers of the Post. Mrs. Burton Harrison has made a study of the early days of New York, and has written a number of stories dealing with that period. In the present story she tells of the fortunes of Eve Watson, daughter of a poor Irish immigrant, who has risen to be manager of the household of Captain Hope, of the British army. Eve and Laurence Hope, the Captain's son, have fallen in love with each other, but Eve's father, Job Watson, has other plans for his daughter. He has promised her to Luke Adamson, a young man of his own class, and has refused to allow her to marry Laurence. Eve has kept her love for Laurence a secret from her father, and has met Laurence secretly. Job has discovered this, and has taken her home indignantly and taken her to her home just out of town. This proceed-*

EARLY FAILURES OF SUCCESSFUL MEN

By Charles F. Wingate

"When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye."
—King John.

DE QUINCEY remarks that the ancient Romans regarded success not so much as a test of merit as in itself a meritorious thing, and many persons who have no standard of achievement still consider it an end rather than an effort. The dictionary defines success as "something accomplished." But if the performance is ignoble or the exertion slight it should not rank high. Finding a pot of money, winning in a lottery or making a lucky stock speculation does not excite admiration. It is the struggle that counts most. It is the danger risked which makes the hero, not the ease of his victory or the amount of prize money gained. As Lowell says:

"'Tis not the grapes of Cana that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way."

If Dewey had known on that May morning in '98 that Manila Bay was not mined and countermined, as he expected, or that the Spanish would be so completely taken by surprise that they could not shoot straight, he never would have been created Admiral or become a popular idol.

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TOO RAPID ADVANCEMENT DANGEROUS

When Mr. Choate, our new Ambassador to the Court of St. James, was questioned regarding the secret of success, he turned upon his interviewer and asked him to "define success." The latter answered, "The acquisition of wealth, ease, comfort and reputation." But Mr. Choate replied, "Many men succeed without winning any one of these, and character is the vital thing, after all." Otherwise, there is nothing to choose between honorable fame and mere notoriety, and Benedict Arnold would rank on a par with Washington, or Jeffries with Chief Justice Marshall.

These remarks indicate the danger that lies in too early and rapid achievement. Prosperity has a dulling effect, but adversity quickens the mind, just as a heavy meal creates lassitude, while scant fare makes a man tighten his belt and increase his pace. Prosperity is like excessive fat which the athlete gets rid of as fast as possible, and by severe exercise hardens his muscle and increases his powers of endurance.

Naturalists tell us that every animal's term of life is proportionate to the time it takes to develop. The creature of the hour lives but an hour. The elephant lasts almost a century because he matures slowly. It is the same with mental growth. The brain which ripens quickly stops growing at a certain age, or it declines just as rapidly. Infant phenomena are seldom heard of late in life. As Carlyle says with grim humor, "The richer the nature the harder and slower its development. Two boys were once members of a class in the Edinburgh Grammar School; John, ever trim, precise, and a dux; Walter, ever slovenly, confused, and a dolt. In due time John became Baille John, of Hunter Square, and Walter became Sir Walter Scott, of the universe. The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the cabbage."

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A GOOD WORD FOR THE SLOW STUDENT

The Bishop of Manchester, like Macaulay, objected to school prizes because "the reward is too immediate" and success in life does not usually come promptly. Boys who gain honors at school and college do not necessarily succeed in life. Robert E. Lee was the only great General who graduated at the head of his class at West Point; Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and the others ranked quite low down. Professor Hutton, of Columbia University School of Mines, does not rate smart students nearly so high as those who learn slowly and with some effort.

The discipline of failure develops qualities which command success. No one can be regarded as really capable who has not coolly faced disaster without flinching. The man born with a silver spoon in his mouth, who has always enjoyed ease, comfort, prosperity and freedom from care, does not inspire enthusiasm. It is he that conquers difficulty and snatches victory out of defeat who is universally admired. "Try, try again" appeals to every one's imagination, like the old Yorkshire saying which Frances E. Willard loved to quote: "It's dogged that does it."

Again, we should never rank the thing accomplished so high as the capacity to achieve. The hero is always greater than his most heroic deeds. Austerlitz and Trafalgar were not half so remarkable as Napoleon and Nelson. All great souls possess the potentiality of achievement beyond anything they ever performed.

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FEW MEN UNSPOILED BY EARLY SUCCESS

The younger Pitt and Alexander Hamilton are almost the sole examples which can be cited of men of extraordinary ability who were not spoiled by early success.

William Pitt's early isolation made him cold and self-contained, but as Walter Bagehot remarks, he was thereby prepared for the tremendous task of directing the destinies of Europe and combating Napoleon, which demanded the very highest self-reliance and independence.

Even the brilliant genius, who, like Lord Byron, wakes to find himself famous, has had his period of plodding and waiting. As in Bunyan's immortal allegory, every man must first pass through the Slough of Despond and climb the Hill of Difficulty before he reaches the Delectable City.

The time of preparation in the professions is steadily lengthening. The doctor, lawyer or engineer who seeks thorough training hardly gets started in practice much before twenty-five. If he can pay his way by the time he is thirty he is considered lucky. The twenty-sixth year is the turning point in most men's lives, when they obtain their first opportunity to show what they can really do.

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WINNING AGAINST PHYSICAL INFIRMITIES

Many notable men have had to struggle all their lives against physical infirmity. Prescott, the historian, was blinded in a college fracas. Francis Parkman often could only work for a few minutes at a time. Robert Louis Stevenson developed consumption early in life, and in consequence became an exile from his native land. Samuel J. Tilden, though a chronic invalid, rose to the highest position as a lawyer and statesman. Rev. Dr. Storrs was threatened with lung trouble in early life.

Thackeray early lost his patrimony through an unfortunate publishing enterprise, and failed also to become an artist, which was his youthful aspiration. He was much hurt because Dickens rejected some of his sketches. Yet he struggled on, and laughingly told a friend that he was engaged and expected to be married "in less than twenty years." His first success, The Great Hoggerty Diamond, appeared when he was still young, but his genius was not fully recognized until Vanity Fair took the world by storm.

Every reader of David Copperfield, which is mainly an autobiography, will recall Dickens' early struggles as a clerk in a blacking manufactory and as a shorthand writer before he ventured to send the first of the Sketches by Boz to a magazine, and in this way was led to write Pickwick Papers, which gained him world-wide celebrity.

George W. Curtis, like Thackeray, lost all his money in a business venture which saddled him with debt for many years.

R. W. Emerson from conscientious scruples abandoned the pulpit at the time he wrote his famous poem, Good-By, Proud World, I'm Going Home, thenceforth depending on his books and lectures. Theodore Parker had to face antagonism and personal abuse for years, and could hardly find a fellow clergyman in Boston to exchange with him.

T. B. Aldrich, in his beautiful poem, The Goddess, declares that a man must live in a garret and have few friends and struggle with poverty before the muse will visit him. The London Spectator, in alluding to Kipling's popularity as demonstrated by the universal sympathy exhibited during his illness, questions whether any one can live in such a glare of publicity without harm to his higher nature. Adversity is a good school. "By patience and perseverance," says the Chinese proverb, "the mulberry leaf becomes satin." Jowett placed a high value upon the discipline of struggle: "I have had experience of comfortable and uncomfortable surroundings. When I was uncomfortable I was, perhaps, more useful."

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THE DISCIPLINE OF DISAPPOINTMENT

No class of young men need more to be taught the value of disappointment and the discipline of failure than the sons of prosperous men. It is far harder to overcome the insidious influence of luxury than to endure poverty and privation. One can fight the Gorgon and slay the dragon, but who can resist the sirens' voices? For one Theodore Roosevelt who rises to eminence despite the trammels of wealth, ease and luxury, there are thousands who fail because they have not the power to resist and rise above temptation. This is why country boys take the lead in every city. It is so in Berlin, Paris, London, just as in New York and Chicago.

Franklin landed in Philadelphia with all his belongings in a handkerchief, and walked up the street, past his future wife's house, eating a penny loaf. It required many years of hard struggle and frequent disappointment before he acquired a competency. Horace Greeley had only $1000 borrowed capital when he founded the Tribune, and he had to labor long and arduously before that great journal was fully established.

P. T. Barnum met with repeated failures in early life and remarkable catastrophies. Four times he was burned out. Once after he had become rich he lost his whole fortune and was saddled with debt. When he bought the American Museum he made a vow not to eat a hot luncheon until he had entirely paid for it, and this circumstance won for him his best backer.

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WHEN HAWTHORNE, BOOTH AND LINCOLN WERE FAILURES

When a man is pushed, defeated, tormented, his best qualities are brought out. Josh Billings was past forty-five before he discovered his vocation. He failed three times as a lecturer before he finally succeeded. Bill Nye hardly earned his salt at law and journalism when he suddenly jumped into an income up in the thousands. Nathaniel Hawthorne sat long in the Old Manse at Concord "waiting patiently for the world to know me." Zola and Taine bore pinching poverty before they gained recognition. Edwin Booth failed utterly in London, though supported by Macready. Victorien Sardou endured poverty and bitter disappointment for years. Abraham Lincoln, in his address to the voters of Sangamon County asking to be chosen to the Legislature, said, with a pathetic reference to his past struggles: "But if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

James Russell Lowell was rusticated while at Harvard, and his poetic aspirations were nipped in the bud by the caustic criticism of Margaret Fuller. As Mrs Browning says in her letters to her husband, "he was poetical rather than a poet." But after patient waiting the anti-slavery contest gave fire to his muse, and the Biglow Papers made him famous. Blackmore's Lorna Doone, one of the finest novels of the century, was not appreciated for many years.

Robert Louis Stevenson waited long and patiently for the public to recognize his inimitable genius, which is revealed even in his home letters. During the interval, and despite his ill health, he kept steadily at work, until by constant practice he became master of an almost perfect style.

Napoleon fretted for weary months in Paris during the early days of the French Revolution, an obscure, poverty-stricken lieutenant of engineers, hoping for an opportunity to show his mettle. When he dispersed the mob with his famous "whiff of grape shot" he still had many obstacles to overcome before his true greatness was recognized.

Charlotte Brontë almost starved at boarding-school, and after enduring many trials as a governess returned to her lonely home beside a graveyard on a bleak Yorkshire moor, where she wrote Jane Eyre, her greatest work. George Meredith only quite late in life achieved recognition from the critics. When his works were issued in a uniform edition even his friends were surprised to learn how long he had been before the public. Louisa Alcott, having failed with her first book, Moods, took to writing newspaper stories, and hospital nursing during the war, until Little Women gave her celebrity.

Emerson, in his English Trails, tells of his visit to Carlyle at Craigenputtoch, a lonesome Scotch hamlet, miles from a post-office, where he found the brave scholar "nourishing his mighty heart" and glad to welcome an appreciative visitor from across the ocean. Every one will recall Carlyle's later struggles to find a publisher for Sartor Resartus and of his loss of the manuscript of the first volume of his History of the French Revolution through a careless servant of John Stuart Mill using it to kindle a fire.

Daniel Webster's failure to achieve his highest ambition may be traced to his easy acceptance of personal sacrifice by others to help him through life. If he had had more discipline in youth and a few disappointments he might not have sacrificed principle to policy in the vain attempt to win the Presidency.

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WASHINGTON'S SERIES OF EARLY FAILURES

Washington's military career was a series of failures. He shared in Braddock's defeat at Fort Duquesne. He was beaten at Long Island, driven from New York and forced to retreat through New Jersey and across the Delaware, where he suddenly turned like a lion at bay, recrossed the ice-stream, and overwhelmed the Hessians at Trenton. The rapid movement and his attack at Germantown first led observers like Frederick the Great to recognize his military genius.

General Grant resigned from the Regular Army at the close of the war with Mexico because his pay was insufficient to support even his small family. He says in his Memoirs: "I was now to commence at the age of thirty-two a new struggle for our support." Through lack of means and sickness he failed first as a farmer and then in the real estate business, and he could not even secure an appointment as county engineer. In 1860 he became clerk in his father's store at Galena, Illinois, but, as he remarks, "I was no clerk, nor had I any capacity to become one. The only place I ever found in my life to put a paper so as to find it again was either a side coat pocket or the hand of a clerk or secretary more careful than myself." Had not the Rebellion broken out Grant would probably have died obscure.

Even then his offer of services to the United States Adjutant-General was never answered, and only through a slight and accidental acquaintance with Governor Yates did the great soldier obtain his first command. His modest estimate of his own powers is set forth in his Memoirs in the statement that he felt quite as capable as the other volunteer Colonels of commanding a regiment. Such language is pathetic from a West Point graduate who had already served through one campaign and who within a few months was to win brilliant victories.

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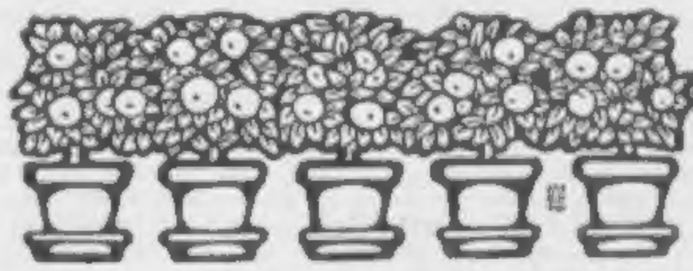

SAINT LECER (August, 1777)

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

FROM out of the north-land his leaguer he led,
Saint Leger, Saint Leger;
And the war-lust was strong in his heart as he sped;
"Their courage," he cried, "it shall die i' the throat.
When they mark the proud standards that over us float—
See rover and ranger, redskin and redcoat!"
Saint Leger, Saint Leger.

He hurried by water, he scurried by land,
Saint Leger, Saint Leger,
Till closely he cordoned the patriot band:
"Surrender," he bade, "or I tighten the net!"
"Surrender?" they mocked him, "we laugh at your threat"
"By Heaven!" he thundered, "you'll live to regret
Saint Leger, Saint Leger!"

He mounted his mortars, he smote with his shell,
Saint Leger, Saint Leger;
Then fumed in a fury that futile they fell;
But he counseled with rum till he chuckled, elate,
As he sat in his tent-door, "Egad, we can wait,
For famine is famous to open a gate!"—
Saint Leger, Saint Leger.

But lo! as he waited, was borne to his ear—
Saint Leger, Saint Leger—
A whisper of dread and a murmur of fear!
"They come, and as leaves are their numbers enrolled!
They come, and their onset may not be controlled,
For 'tis Arnold who heads them, 'tis Arnold the bold—
Saint Leger, Saint Leger!"

"Retreat!" Was the word e'er more bitterly said,
Saint Leger, Saint Leger,
Than when to the north-land your leaguer you led?
Alas, for Burgoyne in his peril and pain—
Who lists in the night for the tramp of that train!
And, alas! for the boasting, the pompous, the vain
Saint Leger!

Mr. GROBY'S SLIPPERY GIFT

By **Paul Laurence Dunbar**

TWO men could hardly have been more unlike than Jim and Joe Mordaunt, and when it is considered that they were brothers brought up under the same conditions and trained by the same hand, this dissimilarity seems nothing less than remarkable. Jim was the older, and a better, steadier-going hand Stuart Mordaunt did not own upon the place, while a lazier, more unreliable scamp than Joe could not have been found within a radius of fifty miles.

The former was the leader in all good works, while the latter was at the head of every bit of deviltry that harassed the plantation. Every one recognized the difference between these two, and they themselves did not ignore it.

"Jim, he's de 'ligious pa't o' de fambly," Joe used to say, "an' I's most o' de res' o' it." He looked upon his brother with a sort of patronizing condescension, as if his own wickedness in some manner dignified him; but nevertheless, the two were bound together by a rough but strong affection. The wicked one had once almost whipped a fellow-servant to death for saying that his brother couldn't out-pray the preacher. They were both field hands, and while Jim went his way and did his work rejoicing, Joe was the bane of the overseer's life. He would seize every possible chance of shirking, and it was his standing boast that he worked less and ate more than any other man on the place.

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It was especially irritating to his master, because he was a fine-appearing fellow, with arms like steel bars, and the strength of a giant. It was this strength and a certain reckless spirit about him that kept the overseer from laying the lash to his back. It was better to let Joe shirk than to make him desperate, thought Mr. Groby. In his employer's dilemma, however, he suggested starvation as a very salutary measure, but was met with such an angry response that he immediately apologized. Stuart Mordaunt, while rejecting his employee's methods, yet looked to him to work an amendment in Joe's career. "For," said he, "that rascal will corrupt the whole plantation. Joe literally carries out the idea that he doesn't have to work, and is there a servant on the place who will work if he thinks he doesn't have to?"

"Yes, one—Joe's brother Jim," said the overseer, grinning. "He's what a nigger ought to be—as steady and as tireless as an ox."

"It's a wonder that brother of his hasn't corrupted him."

"Jim ain't got sense enough to be corrupted as long as he gets his feed."

"Maybe he's got too much sense," returned the master coldly. "But do you think that Joe really has notions?"

"Notions of freedom? No. He's like a balky horse. He'll stand in his tracks until you beat the life out of him, but he isn't the kind to run away. It would take too much exertion."

"I wish to Heaven he would run off!" said Mordaunt impatiently. "It would save me a deal of trouble. I don't want to deal harshly with him, but neither do I want the whole plantation stirred up."

"Why don't you sell him?"

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Stuart Mordaunt's eyes flashed up at the overseer as he replied: "I haven't got down to selling my niggers down the river yet."

"Needn't sell him down the river. Sell him——"

"I'm no nigger-trader," the gentleman broke in.

"Listen to me," said Mr. Groby insinuatingly. "My wife wants a good servant up at our house, and I'd be willing to take Joe off of your hands. I think I could manage him." He looked for the moment as if he might manage the slave to the poor fellow's sorrow.

"But would you keep him right about here so that I could look after him if he got into trouble?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Groby, jingling the coins in his pocket.

"Then I'll give him to you," said Mordaunt coldly.

"I don't ask that; I——"

"I do not sell, I believe I told you. I'll give him to you."

The overseer laughed quietly when his employer was gone. "Oh, yes," he said to himself, "I think I can manage Joe when he's mine."

"I don't believe I ought to have done that," mused the master as he went his way.

Joe did not know what had happened until the papers transferring him were made out and Groby came and read them to him.

"You see, Joe," he said, "you're mine. I've wanted you for a long time. I've always thought that if you belonged to me I could make a good hand out of you. You see, Joe, I've got no sentiments. Of course you don't know what sentiments are, but you'll understand later. I feel like I can increase your worth to the world," and Mr. Groby rubbed his hands and smiled.

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The black man said nothing, but at night, humble and pleading, he went to see his old master. When Stuart Mordaunt saw him coming he did not feel altogether easy in his mind, but he tried to comfort himself by affecting to believe that Joe would be pleased.

"Well, Joe," he said, "I suppose you'll be glad to get away from the field?"

"Glad to git away—oh, mastah!" He suddenly knelt and threw his arms about his master's knees. "Oh, Mas' Stua't," he cried, "don' gi' me to dat Mistah Groby; don' do it! I want to wo'k fu' you all de days o' my life. Don' gi' me to dat man!"

"Why, Joe, you never have been anxious before to work for me."

"Mas' Stua't, I knows I ain' been doin' right. I ain' been wo'kin', but I will wo'k. I'll dig my fingahs to de bone; but don' gi' me to dat man."

"But, Joe, you don't understand. You'll have a good home, easier work, and more time to yourself—almost the same as if you were up to the big house.

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This was every field-hand's ambition, and Stuart Mordaunt thought that his argument would silence the refractory servant, but Joe was not to be silenced. He raised his head and his black face was twitching with emotion. "I'd ravver be yo' fiel'-han' dan dat man Groby's mastah."

Mordaunt was touched, but his determination was not altered. "But he'll be good to you, don't you know that?"

"Good to me, good to me! Mas' Stua't, you don' know dat man!"

The master turned away. He had a certain discipline to keep on his place, and he knew it. "Perhaps I don't know him," he said, "but what I don't see with my own eyes I can't spy out with the eyes of my servants. Joe, you may go. I have given my word, and I could not go back even if I would. Be a good boy and you'll get along all right. Come to see me often."

The black man seized his master's hand and pressed it. Great fellow as he was, when he left he was sobbing like a child. He was to stay in the quarters that night and the next morning leave the fields and enter the service of Mrs. Groby.

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It was a sad time for him. As he sat by the hearth, his face bowed in his hands, Jim reached over and slapped him on the head. It was as near to an expression of affection and sympathy as he could come. But his brother looked up with the tears shining in his eyes, and Jim, taking his pipe from his mouth, passed it over in silence, and they sat brooding until Mely took a piece of "middlin'" off the coals for brother Joe.

When she had gone to bed the two men talked long, but it was not until she was snoring contentedly and the dogs were howling in the yard and the moon had gone down behind the trees that Mr. Groby's acquisition slipped out of the cabin and away to the woods, bearing with him his brother's blessing and breakfast.

It was near eleven o'clock the next morning when the overseer came to the big house, fuming and waving his papers in his hands. He was looking for his slave. But the big house did not know where he was any more than did the quarters, and he went away disappointed and furious.

Joe had rebelled. He had called the dark night to his aid and it had swallowed him up.

Against Mordaunt's remonstrances, the new-made master insisted upon putting the hounds on the negro's track; but they came back baffled. Joe knew Mr. Groby's methods and had prepared for them.

"It was a slippery gift you gave me, Mr. Mordaunt," said the overseer on the third day after Joe's escape.

"Even a slippery gift shouldn't get out of rough hands, Groby," answered Mordaunt, "and from what I hear your hands are rough enough."

"And they'd be rougher now if I had that black whelp here."

"I'm glad Joe's gone," mused Stuart Mordaunt as he looked at the overseer's retreating figure. "He was lazy and devilish, but Groby——"

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It was just after that that the plantation exhorter reported the backsliding of Jim. His first fall from grace consisted in his going to a dance. This was bad enough, but what was worse, although the festivities closed at midnight, Jim—and his wife Mely told it, too—did not reach his cabin until nearly daylight. Of course she was uneasy about it. That was quite natural. There were so many dashing girls on the plantations, within a radius of ten or twelve miles, that no woman's husband was safe. So she went to the minister about it, as women will about their troubles, and the minister went to his master.

"Let him alone," said Stuart Mordaunt. "His brother's absence has upset him, but Jim'll come round all right."

"But, mastah," said old Parker, pushing back his bone-bowed spectacles, "dat uz mighty late fu' Jim to be gittin' in—nigh daylight—ez stiddy a man ez he is. Don't you reckon dey's a 'ooman in it?"

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"Look here, Parker," said his master; "aren't you ashamed of yourself? Have you ever known Jim to go with any other woman than Mely? If you preachers weren't such rascals yourselves and married less frequently you wouldn't be so ready to suspect other men."

"Ahem!" coughed Parker. "Well, Mas' Stua't, ef you gwineter question inter de p'ogatives o' de ministry, I'd bettah be gwine, case you on dang'ous groun'," and he went his way.

But even an indulgent master's patience must wear out when a usually good servant lapses into unusually bad habits. Jim was often absent from the plantation now and things began to disappear: chickens, ducks, geese, and even Jim's own family bacon, and now and then a shoat of the master's found its way off the place.

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The thefts could be traced to but one source. Mely didn't mind the shoats, nor the ducks nor the geese nor the chickens—they were her master's, and he could afford to lose them—but that her husband should steal hers and the children's food—it was unspeakable. She caught him red-handed once, stealing away with a side of bacon, and she upbraided him loud and long.

"Oh, you low-down scoun'el," she screamed, "stealin' de braid outen yo' chillun's mouls fu' some othah 'ooman!"

Jim, a man of few words, stood silent and abashed, and his very silence drove her to desperation. She went to her master, and the next day the culprit was called up.

"Jim," said Mordaunt; "I want to be as easy with you as I can. You've always been a good servant, and I believe that it's your brother's doings that have got you off the handle. But I've borne with you week after week, and I can't stand it any longer. So mark my words: if I hear another complaint I'll have you skinned; do you hear me?"

"Yes, suh."

That night Jim stole a ham from the kitchen before Aunt Doshy's very eyes. When they told the master in the morning he was furious. He ordered the thief brought before him, and two whippers with stout corded lashes in their hands stood over the black man's back.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" roared Mordaunt. "Are you bound to defy me?"

Jim did not answer.

"Will you answer me?" cried the master.

Still Jim was silent.

"Who is this woman you're stealing for?"

"Ain't stealin' fu' no 'ooman,"

"Don't lie to me. Will you tell?"

Silence.

"Do you hear me? Lay it on him! I'll see whether he'll talk!"

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The lashes rose in the air and whizzed down. They rose again, but stopped poised as a gaunt figure coming from nowhere, it seemed, stalked up and pushed the whippers aside.

"Give it to me," said Joe, taking off his coat. "I told him jes' how it would be, an' I was comin' in to gi' myse'f up anyhow. He done it all to keep me f'om sta'vin'; but I's done hidin' now. I'll be dat Groby's slave ravver dan let him tek my blows." He ceased speaking and slipped out of his ragged shirt. "'Tain't no use, Jim," he added, "you's done all you could."

"Dah, now, Joe," said his brother in disgust, "you's done come yeah an' sp'iled evathing; you nevah did know yo' place."

"Whup away," said Joe.

But the master's hand went up.

"Joe!" he cried. "Jim, you—you've been taking that food to him! Why didn't you tell me?" He kicked each one of the whippers solemnly, then he kicked Joe. "Get out of this," he said. "You'll be nobody's but mine. I'll buy you from Groby, you low-down, no-account scoundrel." Then he turned and looked down on Jim. "Oh, you fool nigger—God bless you."

When Mr. Groby heard of Joe's return he hastened up to the big house. He was elated.

"Ha," he said, "my man has returned."

Stuart Mordaunt looked unpleasant, then he said: "Your man, Mr. Groby, your man, as you call him, has returned. He is here. But, sir, your man has been redeemed by his brother's suffering, and I intend—I intend to buy Joe back. Please name your price."

And Mr. Groby saw the look in the gentleman's eye and made it low.

"Don' gi' me to dat man!"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth paper in Mr. Dunbar's series of Stories of Old Plantation Days. Those which have already appeared are:

Aunt Tempy's Triumph,	March 4, 1899
Dizzy-Headed Dick,	April 15, "
In Memory of Martha,	May 13, "
A Plantation Diplomat,	June 10, "

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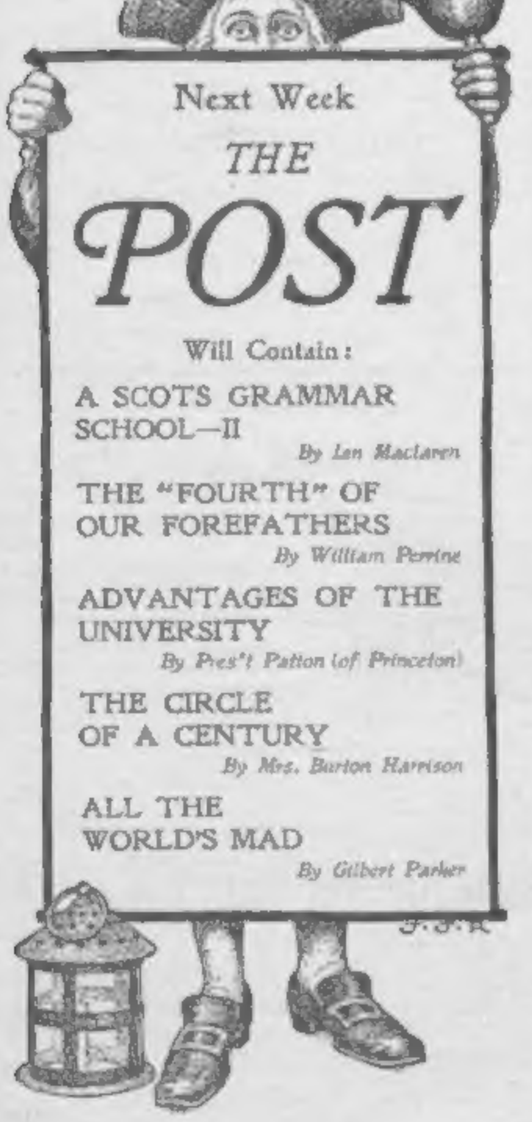

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

Mr. Whistler About Himself *

In The Baronet and the Butterfly Mr. Whistler gives his woes an extended airing. The quarrel is an old one now, for the world has had to wait—with what patience it could—three years for the book. You may remember that Mr. Whistler undertook to paint a portrait of Lady Eden, the wife of a rich citizen with a title. The artist was to be paid "from one hundred pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds." Now, before the picture was finished the Baronet appeared and slipped an envelope containing one hundred guineas into Mr. Whistler's hand. It was Valentine's Day, and the Baronet said "Here's a valentine for you."

The painter thought this a shopkeeper's device to trick him into accepting the smallest possible payment for the picture. He wrote an "ironic note" and the battle began.

It dragged through the French courts—for Mr. Whistler had fluttered over to Paris—and in the end the artist kept the picture, returned the commission, and paid a small sum in damages. George Moore, the critic, flits darkly and indicrously across the quarrel, but in the main the book is given up to the pleadings of the French advocates. There remains, however, an appreciable part of pure Whistler.

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On the cover is a cynical butterfly—which is the soul of Whistler—and on the last page a butterfly joyously triumphant goes fluttering; between them is many a grim jest worthy of the author of Ten O'clock. The *envoi* is quite in his best vein: "As one wipeth a dish—wiping it and turning it upside down," and really this is about what he does to the thrifty Baronet.

"*Noblesse abuse!*" he adds dryly. And what rare sport he makes of Sir William's complaint that "The portrait was only about as large as a sheet of note paper"—thrifty soul, he thought that one hundred pounds should buy at least a yard of painting. Never was a Baronet so buffeted about the ears since the first Baronet set the fashion of "wearing them long"—it is a hailstorm of wit and epigram and pompous phrases. And yet—and yet——

It was Manet—good, orderly man—who watched the Whistler's antics one day and remarked: "You act as though you had absolutely no talent at all."

And that is quite true: Whistler is at once a great artist and a great buffoon—and in this whimsical volume he is perpetually turning somersaults and grinning through a horse-collar. Well, there is only one Whistler, and J. McNeil is his prophet.

The sheets of The Baronet and the Butterfly were printed in France; the binding is a very pretty example of American craftsmanship: on the whole it is a notable monument of a great man's waggery.

* * *

Mr. Loomis To Himself †

Quite as clever as any of the verses in Charles Battell Loomis' Just Rhymes is his Dedication to the Author. This is a new idea and well worthy of imitation.

"Charles," says the author to the author, "I have not forgotten that it was you who first suggested that I arise from the springless couch of commerce to seek the 'flowery beds of ease' that do so abound in literature. In times of adversity, when rhymes were few and editors were hard, it was you who urged me on. So, dear Charles, I dedicate this little collection of my poems to you, sure that, however the critics may gird at it, you will like it."

He would be a rogue of a critic, indeed, who girded at this dainty volume. In the first place, the rhymes are gay and witty and new, and in the second place, the illustrations are even funnier than the verses—and that is saying a great deal.

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The drawings are by Miss Cory, a young artist of whom no one had heard yesterday and of whom every one is talking to-day. She draws with rare vigor and breadth of fun. There is one picture illustrative of Jack and Jill as Walt Whitman Might Have Written It, that is funnier—in its compelling sense of drollery—than anything Phil May ever did. Then there are the parodies of the Gilbert drawings for Bab Ballads, the wonderful Irishman, poets, Chinamen, Frenchmen, and—most joyous of all—the wonderful horse that ramps down Broadway. There is a new artist in the world—believe me—versatile, vigorous, chock-full of talent. There is not a pen-and-ink humorist of the day who would not have been proud to sign Miss Cory's drawings.

—*Vance Thompson.*

* **The Baronet and the Butterfly.**—By James McNeil Whistler. *R. H. Russell & Co.*

† **Just Rhymes.**—By Charles Battell Loomis.

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TOLD OF THE AUTHORS

Edward Marshall's New Post.—Mr. Marshall, the plucky war correspondent who dictated a report to his paper while the surgeons were dressing his wounds, is to be the new editor of McClure's syndicate, succeeding Ray Stannard Baker, who will in the future devote himself to the magazine. Mr. Marshall is at present abroad reporting the proceedings of the Peace Conference for a number of newspapers. Mr. Marshall is married to Judith Berault, the statuesque actress who scored such a hit last season in O'Neill's Company.

A Sequel to McTeague Coming.—Frank Norris, author of McTeague, has returned to San Francisco, where his parents live. He had been spending the winter and spring in New York, and his striking personality had become rather well known to theatre-goers and frequenters of smart social functions. Mr. Norris is tall and slender, and his intellectual appearance is heightened by his prematurely gray hair. He is at work upon another novel.

How Fraser Began to Write.—Mr. W. A. Fraser, whose clever volume of short stories, The Eye of a God, is meeting with such favor in this country, is thirty-seven years of age, and a Scotsman, who lives in Georgetown, Ontario. Several years ago, when suffering with inflammatory rheumatism, he asked his wife for pen and paper, and to while away the time wrote the first of his sketches. This was sent to the Detroit Free Press and was at once accepted. The check for it determined Mr. Fraser to regular writing, and his success has been pronounced.

In the work of his profession he spends between six and seven months each year among the Indians, and it is his intimate acquaintance with them which adds such strength and truthfulness to his stories of Indian life. His popularity as a writer has steadily increased, and he is improving in interest and effectiveness every year. He is one of the coming men in American literature.

A New Line for Mr. White.—William Allen White, of What's-the-matter-with-Kansas? fame, has returned to his Western home after a visit to New York. Mr. White has recently added to his literary reputation by the production of some clever stories of political life in the Middle West. The Bayville Tales first made the Kansas editor known as a short-story writer, and his latest efforts show the same charm. It is said that, in addition to his literary aspirations, Mr. White has hopes of a political career, and that he is in a fair way to gratify them.

Prolific Mr. Risley.—Four thousand words a day is the literary output of R. V. Risley, author of Men's Tragedies. Besides this novel, Mr. Risley has written one other since the beginning of this year, and he completed a volume of short stories late last year. The author is a son of the American Minister to Denmark during Mr. Cleveland's administration, and he accompanied his father abroad as his private secretary. He is twenty-four years old, tall, muscular and athletic. In spite of the rather morbid tinge in his work, Mr. Risley is famed as a raconteur and mimic. He could have made his name on the stage had he not adopted literature.

Professor Roberts to Live in London.—The Canadian colony of writers in London has just been added to by the presence of Professor Charles G. D. Roberts and his brother William, both of whom have been leaders among the younger set of poets of the metropolis. It is understood that Professor Roberts goes abroad by the advice of a well-known publisher, who assures him that he can make very much more money in London.

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PEOPLE I ADMIRE IN SOCIETY

The Man Who Was Benevolent

By G. S. STREET

NO METAPHOR, no simile, no adjective, no careful choice of words whatever, can possibly convey to you the heartiness of John Weston. His smile, when you are introduced to him, is not the smile of conventional politeness, or of vague benevolence. It pours rays of searching light from every feature of his face; it seems to understand by instinct all your experiences, ideas and sentiments, and to welcome them with hearty appreciation, with tender humor, with admiring sympathy.

He is not content with a bow. He makes one, and then glances at you with an inquiry which mutely says: Can two such sympathetic souls as we meet with a mere bow? Then out shoots the manly hand, and is followed by John Weston's grasp, which is famous. It hurts, to be sure, but you feel that it seals a friendship which in no imaginable circumstance can ever fail you. On your second meeting he claps you warmly on the shoulder.

In appearance, John Weston is large all over. Fifty years have thinned his hair, and made the largeness of his forehead more evident. He has a large, broad face, and a large, long beard. He is tall and broad, even in proportion, and the largeness of his hands and feet, if he were not so manly, would be almost excessive.

He is decidedly stout, and in a vague way you rejoice in the fact, feeling that he has a right to be so if he wishes it. He walks with the rolling gait one associates with the sea, but which seamen no longer use.

He is not a sailor, however. He is really a soap-boiler, but I think that the greater part of his money has been made in different speculations. He is very rich, indeed, and you would think that the most envious of poor men could not have grudged his riches to this genial, good-natured soul.

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There are one or two wretches, however, who allege that the hand which grasps yours so heartily has also grasped all the good things that have come in its way with equal firmness and equal disregard of human suffering.

I remember one occasion, when a fellow, smarting from John's handshake, repeated to him this malignant allegation; "Old John's" roar of hearty laughter would have convinced the most cynical that there was no foundation to it. He is "Old John" to all his intimates and most of his acquaintances; it is instinctively felt that the Jack of ordinary familiarity is not an adequate recognition of his heartiness.

"Old John" is in great demand for dinners and other social occasions. His friends, in fact, give him so many dinners that he is wont to complain that they never leave him a day for returning their hospitality. I am sure it is a real trouble to him that his generous "You must come and dine with me some day" so seldom results in an actual, material dinner, but to his friends the hearty invitation, delivered as it is with a twinkle eloquent of rich dishes and rare wines, is the same thing.

He knows a good many theatrical people who are delighted to give him boxes and stalls. He is mentioned among them as a man who might put money into their ventures; I never heard that he did so, but I am sure that, if he ever refused, some strong principle which forbade such speculation must have had a stern fight with his native kindliness of heart.

John's philosophy of life is affecting in its simplicity. "Just to be kindly and good-natured," he says; "just to do the little good one can, to sympathize with one's friends and give them a lift when they're down—to leave the world a little bit better than one found it, that's all I think a man need aim at, if you ask me." He is frequently asked, for the pleasure of the emotion this noble sentiment gives his hearers.

He said once to me: "I don't know what you mean by a gentleman. I started from nothing, I've had no education, I left school when I was thirteen, and I've been hard at work ever since." He sighed, and his modesty touched me greatly; he must have been worth a million at least. "But," he continued, "what I mean by a gentleman is that a man should just be simple and kindly. A good heart and an open hand—that's all it means, or ought to mean."

Impressed, however, as I had been for years by "Old John's" heartiness and simple kindness of nature, it was not until the other day that I realized the true delicacy of feeling which underlies the genial but somewhat rough exterior of my dear old friend.

We were walking down Piccadilly when I saw a man called Foster coming toward us, and mentioned the fact to "Old John." Foster was famous in his time for his dinners and lunches in town, and for the visits everybody made to his country house. He was never so popular as John Weston, being a far less hearty man, and having nothing to equal "Old John's" smile and handshake. Still, he was well enough liked, and everybody was very sorry when a series of mishaps in the city reduced him to poverty—to a difficulty, it was said, in providing for his family.

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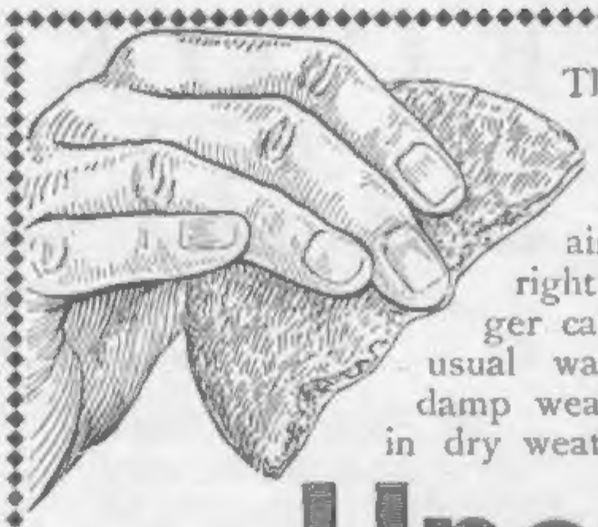
Foster and I exchanged a nod. He half stopped and looked at "Old John." But "Old John" was looking steadily in another direction, and though I also half stopped, Foster, with a curious sort of smile, quickened his pace and passed us. I knew that "Old John" was aware of Foster's passing, since I had called his attention to the fact, and I asked him why he had looked away.

"I did it on purpose," he said. "Poor old Foster! It was to save him pain. I knew he'd want to borrow money of me, and I've had to make it a rule never, on any account, to lend. It does no good; it breaks up friendships, and the man who borrows loses his self-respect. Giving's quite another matter. I take it to be a man's simple duty to give with a free hand, when he can do any good by it. But Foster's too proud for that, so I thought it better not to see him, poor old chap. Poor old Foster! He's been a fool, but there are worse men in the world than he is. Poor old chap!"

I was so keenly gratified by this delicacy, this true generosity of feeling, that I asked "Old John" to dine with me that night, and I am glad to say he accepted. Dear old John! The world will be poorer when he dies.



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